
THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME FIRST.

Containing

THE TEMPEST,
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S
DREAM,

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

IN WHICH THE BEAUTIES OBSERVED
BY POPE, WARBURTON, AND DODD,
ARE POINTED OUT.

Together with
THE AUTHOR'S LIFE, AND,
A GLOSSARY, || A LIST OF THE VARIOUS
COPIOUS INDEXES, || READINGS.

VOLUME FIRST.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR J. & A. DUNCAN, J. & M. ROBERTSON,
AND J. & W. SHAW, BOOKSELLERS.

1795.

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the famous Edition 1753, by Dr. Hugh Blair.*

AND CONTAINS

TOGETHER WITH

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE
A GLOSSARY
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1793.

THE
SCOTS EDITORS
P R E F A C E.

THE distinguished character of SHAKESPEARE as a dramatic writer, the great demand for his works among the learned and polite, and a laudable zeal for promoting home manufactures, were the principal motives for undertaking an edition of his works in Scotland.

Before we give an account of the method used in conducting this edition, it may not be improper to take some notice of our author's modern editors. Nor will it perhaps be a disagreeable entertainment to the reader, to see their sentiments of one another, in their own words.

"Mr. Rowe (the first of these editors) was indeed a wit (says Mr. Warburton;) but so utterly unacquainted with the whole business of criticism, that he did not even collate or consult the first editions of the work he undertook to publish."—"This gentleman (says Mr. Theobald) had abilities, and a sufficient knowledge of his author, had but his industry been equal to his talents."

The next-editor was the universally-admired Mr. Pope; who, (says Mr. Warburton,) by the mere force of an uncommon genius, without any particular study or profession of this art [criticism,] discharged the great parts of it so well, as to make his edition the best foundation for all further improvements. He separated the genuine from the spurious plays; and, with
Vol. I. a "equal

“ equal judgment, though not always with the same
 “ success, attempted to clear the genuine plays from
 “ the interpolated scenes. He then consulted the old
 “ editions; and, by a careful collation of them, recti-
 “ fied the faulty, and supplied the imperfect reading, in
 “ a great number of places: and, lastly, in an admi-
 “ rable preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively
 “ sketch of SHAKESPEARE’S poetic character; and, in
 “ the corrected text, marked out those peculiar strokes
 “ of genius which were most proper to support and il-
 “ lustrate that character.”——But though Mr. Pope had
 a just title to the public thanks; yet Mr. Theobald at-
 tacked him with great acrimony of expression, evidently
 flowing from personal prejudice. He interlards his
 notes with many severe reflections against Mr. Pope, re-
 presents his collation of old copies as a mere pretence, and
 ranks his edition among those of no authority. In short,
 he goes so far as to alledge, that “ Mr. Pope has seldom
 “ corrected SHAKESPEARE’S text but to its injury; that
 “ he has frequently inflicted a wound where he intended
 “ a cure; that he has attacked his author like an un-
 “ handy slaughterman, and not lopped off the errors,
 “ but the poet.” But Mr. Warburton, the great friend
 of Mr. Pope, returned him *measure for measure*, as we
 will see anon.

This Mr. Theobald was the next editor after Mr. Pope.
 “ He (says Mr. Warburton) was naturally turned to in-
 “ dustry and labour. What he read, he could tran-
 “ scribe; but as what he thought, if ever he did think,
 “ he could but ill express; so he read on; and by that
 “ means got a character of learning, without risking, to
 “ every observer, the imputation of wanting a better
 “ talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books,
 “ he corrected what was manifestly wrong in the *latter*
 “ editions, by what was manifestly right in the *earlier*.
 “ And this is his real merit, and the whole of it. For
 “ where the phrase was very obsolete or licentious in
 “ the *common* books, or only slightly corrupted in the
 “ *other*, he wanted sufficient knowledge of the progress
 “ and various stages of the English tongue, as well as
 “ acquaintance with the peculiarity of SHAKESPEARE’S
 “ language,

“language, to understand what was right; nor had he
 “either common judgment to see, or critical sagacity
 “to amend, what was manifestly faulty. Hence he ge-
 “nerally exerts his conjectural talent in the wrong
 “place: he tampers with what is found in the *common*
 “books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all notice of *vari-*
 “*ations* the sense of which he did not understand.”

As to the Oxford editor, Sir Thomas Hanmer, the
 next editor: “How he (says Mr. Warburton) came to
 “think himself qualified for this office [criticism,] from
 “which his whole course of life had been so remote, is
 “still more difficult to conceive. For whatever parts
 “he might have either of genius or erudition, he was
 “absolutely ignorant of the art of criticism, as well as
 “of the poetry of that time, and the language of his
 “author. And so far from a thought of examining the
 “*first* editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr.
 “Pope’s, from which he printed his own, with Mr.
 “Theobald’s; whereby he lost the advantage of many
 “fine lines which the other had recovered from the old
 “quarto’s. Where he trusts to his own sagacity, in
 “what affects the sense, his conjectures are generally
 “absurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of
 “criticism.—His principal object was, to reform his
 “author’s numbers: and this, which he hath done, on
 “every occasion, by the insertion or omission of a set
 “of harmless unconcerning expletives, makes up the
 “gross body of his innocent corrections. And so, in
 “spite of that extreme negligence in numbers, which
 “distinguishes the first dramatic writers, he hath tricked
 “up the old bard, from head to foot, in all the finical
 “exactness of a modern measurer of syllables.”

Mr. Warburton was the next, and the last editor. He
 tells us, that the world had never been troubled with his
 edition, but for the conduct of the two last editors (Theo-
 bald and Hanmer,) and the persuasions of dear Mr.
 Pope, who desired him to give a new edition of SHAKES-
 SPEARE, as he thought it might contribute to put a stop
 to the folly which prevailed of altering the text of cele-
 brated authors without talents or judgment; and that

his main care has been, to restore the genuine text; but in those places only where it labours with inextricable nonsense. "In which (adds he) how much soever I may have given scope to critical conjecture, where the old copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to fancy, or imagination, but have religiously observed the severe canons of literal criticism."

Since the publication of the last of the aforementioned editions, a work has come abroad, in two volumes, intitled, *The beauties of Shakspeare, regularly selected from each play.* By William Dodd, B. A. As this gentleman has taken some notice of SHAKESPEARE'S editors, we shall conclude our account of them, with a few of his remarks.

"Mr. Theobald (says Mr. Dodd) has approved himself the best editor of SHAKESPEARE that has yet appeared, by a close attention to, and diligent survey of the old editions, and by a careful amendment of those slight faults, which evidently proceeded from the press, and corrupted the text." And, after observing that Mr. Theobald had left many passages untouched and unregarded, which were truly difficult and called for the editor's assistance, he adds, "It is plain, then, much work remained for subsequent commentators; and, shall we add? still remains: for though succeeded by two eminent rivals [Hammer and Warburton,] we must with no small concern behold this imperfect editor still maintaining his ground; and with no little sorrow observe the best judges of SHAKESPEARE preferring Theobald's to any modern edition." He gives the reasons of this preference as follows.

"Sir Thomas Hammer (says he) proceeds in the most unjustifiable method, foisting into his text a thousand idle alterations, without ever advertising his readers, which are and which are not SHAKESPEARE'S genuine words: so that a multitude of idle phrases and ridiculous expressions, infinitely beneath the sublimity of this prince of poets, are thrown to his account; and his imperfections

"imperfections, so far from being diminished, numbered
 "tenfold upon his head."

"Mr. Warburton (continues Mr. Dodd) hath been
 "somewhat more generous to us: for though he has for
 "the most part preferred his own criticisms to the au-
 "thor's words, yet he hath always too given us the au-
 "thor's words, and his own reasons for those criticisms.
 "Yet his conduct can never be justified for inserting
 "every fancy of his own in the text, when I dare ven-
 "ture to say, his better and cooler judgment must con-
 "demn the greatest part of them. What the ingenious
 "Mr. Edwards says of him, seems exactly just and
 "true.—"That there are good notes in his edition of
 "SHAKESPEARE, I never did deny: but as he has had
 "the plundering of two dead men [Theobald and Han-
 "mer,] it will be difficult to know which are his own.
 "Some of them I suppose may be: and hard indeed
 "would be his luck, if among so many bold throws he
 "should have never a winning cast. But I do insist, that
 "there are great numbers of such shameful blunders as
 "disparage the rest, if they do not discredit his title to
 "them, and make them look rather like lucky hits, than
 "the result of judgment."

Mr. Dodd adds the following remark, to which every
 reader will cheerfully give his assent. "For my own
 "part, (says he,) I cannot but read with regret the con-
 "stant jarring and triumphant insults, one over another,
 "found amidst the commentators on SHAKESPEARE.
 "This is one of the reasons that has impeded our ar-
 "rival at a thorough knowledge in his works: for some
 "of the editors have not so much laboured to elucidate
 "their author, as to expose the follies of their brethren.
 "How much better would it have been for SHAKES-
 "PEARE, for us, and for literature in general; how
 "much more honour would it have reflected on them-
 "selves, had these brangling critics sociably united; and,
 "instead of putting themselves in a posture of defence
 "one against another, jointly taken the field, and united
 "all their efforts, to rescue so inimitable an author from
 "the

“the Gothic outrage of dull players, duller printers,
“and still duller editors:”

Amidst such a variety of editors, and such different characters of them, no one could be implicitly followed. We have therefore consulted them all; and, of the various readings and conjectures, those only have been adopted, and inserted in the text, that seemed to agree best with the meaning of the author. No scope has been given to conjecture or imagination; not a single line, not even a single word, is inserted, but what is warranted by the authority of preceeding editors. No regard has been had to the Oxford editor's reformation of SHAKESPEARE'S numbers, or to his other almost innumerable conjectures and interpolations, farther than as some of the latter have received the sanction of succeeding critics. But the reader will see from a list subjoined to the Indexes in the last volume, what conjectures or alterations of the critics are adopted in this edition; and perhaps it may not be lost labour to consult the various readings in that list, as it may give those who have not seen former editions, some idea of the art of literal criticism, so long hackneyed among the learned; and they may reject or prefer as they judge proper.—The utmost care has been taken to print this edition correctly, especially with respect to the pointing. As to which, due regard has always been had to the several instances of false or depraved pointing, whereby the sense was marred, and some passages rendered almost quite unintelligible, as observed by Mess. Theobald and Warburton. And though it is not intended to affirm, that this edition is free from faults, yet such care has been taken, that 'tis thought it may well vie with any of those hitherto published in England; at least we flatter ourselves it will not be found inferior either in beauty or correctness.

The acts and scenes are divided according to Pope's and Warburton's editions; and not according to Theobald's or Hanmer's, the former of whom has not numbered the scenes.

In Pope's edition, the passages which he thought the most

most beautiful and striking, are distinguished with inverted commas. In imitation of him, Mr. Warburton did the same by many others as he thought most deserving of the reader's attention. All these have been attended to in this edition; the *Beauties* observed by Mr. Pope being marked with a single comma, and those by Mr. Warburton with a double one. Besides these, the *Beauties*, as regularly selected from each play by Mr. Dodd, are pointed out, p. xlix. & *seqq.* These beauties are here marked in the order of the volumes and plays; and the reader is directed to the pages and lines where every one of them occur. Upon examination, he will find many of them coincide with those which had been before observed by Pope and Warburton. Mr. Dodd's titles of the beauties are likewise given, generally in his own words, and some notes are added.

Suspected passages or interpolations are degraded to the bottom of the page, with proper marks referring to the places of their insertion. The greatest part are so stigmatized on the authority of Mr. Pope; and a few on that of the Oxford editor, and Mr. Warburton. Some lines in different places are inclosed within hooks or crotchets, as, in Mr. Warburton's opinion, foisted into the text by the players, or of spurious issue, and noted as such at the bottom of the page; and a few chasms or defects are pointed out by asterisks, with probable conjectures for supplying some of them.

Several short *notes* are put at the bottom of the pages in all the volumes, tending to explain licentious terms, uncouth phrases, quaint allusions, antiquated customs, and obscure passages. These have been chiefly taken from Pope, Hanmer, and Warburton; and but a very few from Theobald and Dodd. Though most of them are given in the words of the authors; yet some have been abridged, in order to adapt them to this edition, in which brevity has been all along studied.

The *Glossary* annexed, is considerably improved, by the addition of many words and phrases; errors are corrected, and false interpretations thrown out. Words not
to

to be met with in SHAKESPEARE, but evidently the editor's interpolations into the text, have been discarded, and additions made to the meanings of words still retained. Warburton's and Popes's notes have been consulted for that purpose; and some assistance has been got from Mr. Dodd's notes on the *Beauties*.

The *Index*, besides being here reduced to a strict alphabetical order, and put into a quite different form, has been considerably enlarged, especially in the first section, and cleared from several blunders. To all which is added, an *Index* of the *Beauties* as selected by Mr. Dodd, more full and correct than his own.

This preface shall be concluded with presenting to the reader a few of the many *encomiums* bestowed upon our author by his critics; from which a person unacquainted with his writings, may form some judgment of his merit.

“As in great piles of building, (says Mr. Theobald,) some parts are often finished up to hit the taste of the connoisseur; others more negligently put together, to strike the fancy of a common and unlearned beholder: some parts are made stupendously magnificent and grand, to surprise with the vast design and execution of the architect; others are contracted, to amuse you with his neatness and elegance in little: So, in SHAKESPEARE, we find traits that will stand the test of the severest judgment; and strokes as carelessly hit off, to the level of the more ordinary capacities: some descriptions raised to that pitch of grandeur, as to astonish you with the compass and elevation of his thought; and others copying nature within so narrow, so confined a circle, as if the author's talent lay only at drawing in miniature.—In how many points of light must we be obliged to gaze at this great poet! in how many branches of excellence to consider and admire him! Whether we view him on the side of art or nature, he ought equally to engage our attention: whether we respect the force and greatness of his genius, the extent of his knowledge and reading, the power and address with which he throws out and applies
“either

“ either nature or learning, there is ample scope both for
 “ our wonder and pleasure. If his diction and the cloath-
 “ ing of his thoughts attract us, how much more must
 “ we be charmed with the richness and variety of his
 “ images and ideas! If his images and ideas steal into
 “ our souls, and strike upon our fancy, how much are
 “ they improved in price, when we come to reflect with
 “ what propriety and justness they are applied to cha-
 “ racter! If we look into his characters, and how they
 “ are furnished and proportioned to the employment he
 “ cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the
 “ mastery of his portraits! What draughts of nature!
 “ what variety of originals, and how differing each from
 “ the other! How are they dressed from the stores of his
 “ own luxurious imagination; without being the apes of
 “ mode, or borrowing from any foreign wardrobe! Each
 “ of them are the standards of fashion for themselves;
 “ like gentlemen that are above the direction of their
 “ tailors, and can adorn themselves without the aid of
 “ imitation. If other poets draw more than one fool or
 “ coxcomb, there is the same resemblance in them; as in
 “ that painter’s draughts, who was happy only at form-
 “ ing a rose: you find them all younger brothers of the
 “ same family, and all of them have a pretence to give
 “ the same crest. But SHAKESPEARE’S clowns and fops,
 “ come all of a different house: they are no farther allied
 “ to one another, than as man to man, members of the
 “ same species; but as different in features and linea-
 “ ments of character, as we are from one another in face
 “ or complexion.”

“ SHAKESPEARE, (says Mr. Warburton,) widely ex-
 “ celling in the knowledge of human nature, hath gi-
 “ ven to his infinitely-varied pictures of it, such truth
 “ of design, such force of drawing, such beauty of co-
 “ louring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer,
 “ whether his aim was the use, or only the entertain-
 “ ment of mankind.—And (says he) of all the litera-
 “ ry exertions of speculative men, whether design-
 “ ed for the use or entertainment of the world, there
 “ are none of so much importance, or what are more
 “ our immediate concern, than those which let us into
 “ the

“ the knowledge of our nature. Others may exercise the
 “ reason, or amuse the imagination; but these only can
 “ improve the heart, and form the human mind to wis-
 “ dom. Now, in this science, our SHAKESPEARE is con-
 “ fessed to occupy the foremost place; whether we con-
 “ sider the amazing sagacity with which he investigates
 “ every hidden spring and wheel of human action; or his
 “ happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in
 “ the just and living paintings which he has given us of
 “ all our passions, appetites, and pursuits. These afford
 “ a lesson which can never be too often repeated, or too
 “ constantly inculcated.”

“ I shall not (says Mr. Dodd) attempt any laboured
 “ encomiums on SHAKESPEARE, or endeavour to set
 “ forth his perfections, at a time when such universal
 “ and just applause is paid him, and when every tongue
 “ is big with his boundless fame. He himself tells us,

“ *To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,*

“ *To throw a perfume on the violet,*

“ *To smooth the ice, or add another hue*

“ *Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light*

“ *To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,*

“ *Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.* vol. 3. P. 334.”

“ And wasteful and ridiculous indeed it would be, to say
 “ any thing in his praise, when presenting the world
 “ with such a collection of BEAUTIES, as perhaps is no
 “ where to be met with, and, I may very safely affirm,
 “ cannot be paralleled from the productions of any other
 “ single author, ancient or modern. There is scarcely
 “ a topic, common with other writers, on which he has
 “ not excelled them all; there are many nobly peculiar
 “ to himself, where he shines unrivalled, and, like the
 “ eagle, properest emblem of his daring genius, soars be-
 “ yond the common reach, and gazes undazzled on the
 “ sun. His flights are sometimes so bold, frigid criti-
 “ cism almost dares to disapprove them; and those nar-
 “ row minds which are incapable of elevating their ideas
 “ to the sublimity of their author's, are willing to bring
 “ them down to a level with their own. Hence many
 “ fine passages have been condemned in SHAKESPEARE,

“ as *rant* and *fustian*, *intolerable bombast*, and *turgid nonsense*; which, if read with the least glow of the same imagination that warmed the writer’s bosom, would blaze in the robes of sublimity, and obtain the commendations of a Longinus. And unless some little of the same spirit that elevated the poet, elevate the reader too, he must not presume to talk of taste and elegance; he will prove but a languid reader, an indifferent judge, but a far more indifferent critic and commentator.” And again (says he,) “ I doubt not every reader will find [in SHAKESPEARE’S beauties] so large a fund for observation, so much excellent and refined morality, and, I may venture to say, so much good divinity, that he will prize the work as it deserves, and pay, with me, all due adoration to the manes of SHAKESPEARE.”

“ Longinus (continues Mr. Dodd) tells us, that the most infallible test of the true *sublime*, is the impression a performance makes upon our minds, when read or recited.” “ If, says he, a person finds, that a performance transports not his soul, nor exalts his thoughts; that it calls not up into his mind ideas more enlarged than the mere sounds of the words convey, but on attentive examination its dignity lessens and declines, he may conclude, that whatever pierces no deeper than the ears, can never be the true sublime. That, on the contrary, is grand and lofty, which the more we consider, the greater ideas we conceive of it; whose force we cannot possibly withstand; which immediately sinks deep, and makes such impression on the mind, as cannot easily be worn out or effaced. In a word, you may pronounce that sublime, beautiful, and genuine, which always pleases, and takes equally with all sorts of men. For when persons of different humours, ages, professions, and inclinations, agree in the same joint approbation of any performance, then this union of assent, this combination of so many different judgments, stamps an high and indisputable value on that performance, which meets with such general applause.” This fine observation of Longinus is most remarkably verified in SHAKESPEARE: for all humours, ages, and inclinations,

" actions, jointly proclaim their approbation and esteem of
 " him; and will, I hope, be found true in most of the pas-
 " sages which are here collected from him; I say, most,
 " because there are some, which I am convinced will not
 " stand this test. The old, the grave, and the severe,
 " will disapprove, perhaps, the more soft, (and as they
 " may call them,) trifling love-*tales*, so elegantly breath-
 " ed forth, and so emphatically extolled by the young,
 " the gay, and the passionate; while these will esteem as
 " dull and languid; the sober *saws* of morality, and the
 " home-felt observations of experience. However, as it
 " was my business to collect for readers of all tastes and
 " all complexions, let me desire none to disapprove what
 " hits not with their own humour; but to turn over the
 " page, and they will surely find something acceptable
 " and engaging."

But a further account of our author is to be met with
 in Mr. Pope's excellent preface, and likewise in Mr.
 Rowe's account of his life and writings, and in Ben John-
 son's poem; all which are given entire, together with Mr.
 Warburton's general criticism on his plays; by which the
 reader will see his opinion of the rank and precedence of
 each, as reduced to certain classes.

Mr.

MR. POPE'S PREFACE.

IT is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface; the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A design which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of Nature; and it is not so just to say, that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much Nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as *copies* of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one
b
another,

another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakspeare is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places. We are surpris'd the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surpris'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tenderesses, than of our vainest fables; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion,

That

That the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned, that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine, that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage, seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed, that stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakespeare, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank. Accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies, have their scene among *tradesmen* and *mechanics*: and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprise*, and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhimes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject: his genius in those low parts, is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience

had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Johnson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them; without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call *immortality*: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence, that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of
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of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespeare, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated; as appears from what we are told by Ben Johnson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences: As the comedy of *The Merry wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new-writ; *The History of Henry VI.* which was first published under the title of *The contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of Henry V. extremely improved; that of Hamlet, enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them: the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfœtations; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging; or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascribed to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned, (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company,) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will

appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modestly with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more. There is certainly a vast difference between *learning and languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident, than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning and mythology. We find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, not only the spirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in Coriolanus, may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in Catiline of Ben Johnson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it. Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespeare. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his; and for some of which we have undoubted authority, being

being published by himself, and dedicated to his Noble patron the Earl of Southampton. He appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays; he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them. The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was; and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine.

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partisans of our author and Ben Johnson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Johnson had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that Shakespeare had none at all; and because Shakespeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnson wanted both. Because Shakespeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Johnson borrowed every thing. Because Johnson did not write *extempore*, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, He never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason;

— *Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem*
Cingito, ne vati noceat —

But however this contention might be carried on by the partisans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespeare. And after his death, that author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespeare*; which shews as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spencer, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschilus, nay all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *Art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries*, seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*: he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the filly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Johnson might indeed be sparing in his commendations, (though certainly he is not so in this instance,) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state; as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to
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the opinion of Shakespeare's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us, may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page. Nothing is more common than *Aëus tertia*. *Exit omnes*. *Enter three witches solus*. Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling: their very Welch is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root; it not being at all credible, that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Johnson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man who had not so much as read any history in any language: so could not be Shakespeare's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say, that not Shakespeare only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense, as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces, to the first quarto edition of *Troilus*
and

and *Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different playhouses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were first collected) was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quarto's.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quarto's, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes, that *those who play the clowns, would speak no more than is set down for them.* (*Act 3. Sc. 4.*) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now, to be found there. In others, the low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular, (which seems to have belonged to the playhouse, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin,) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this; as it seems, without any other reason, than their willingness.

ness to shorten some Scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies*; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the playhouse, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears, that this edition, as well as the quarto's, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very names * are thro' carelessness set down instead of the *personæ dramatis*; and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text, thro' the ignorance of the transcribers.

The plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *acts* and *scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of music, masks, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed, and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen but by their being taken from separate and piecemeal-written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus, in the quarto edition of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act 5. Shakspeare introduces a kind of master of the revels, called *Philostrate*; all whose part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the subsequent editions. So also

* Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson, instead of Balthasar. And in Act 4. Cowley and Kemp constantly through a whole scene.

Edit. fol. of 1623 and 1632.

also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character; or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition of that class of people, was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best play-houses were inns and taverns, (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) so the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage. They were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the Lord's table, or Lady's toilette; and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question, but had Shakespeare published his works himself, (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage,) we should not only be certain which are genuine; but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare, that those wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*,) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable, what occasioned some plays to be supposed
Shakespeare's

Shakespeare's, was only this, that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause; as we learn from what Ben Johnson says of *Pericles* in his ode on the *New Inn*. That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class, I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction to Bartholomew fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakespeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his lifetime.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong applications of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

I will conclude by saying of Shakespeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building. The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there are materials

rials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

N. B. One paragraph of this preface is omitted, as relating to matters peculiar to Mr. Pope's edition.

Some

Some Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Written by N. ROWE, Esq.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! Their families, the common accidents of their lives; and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very clothes he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book: and though the works of Mr. Shakespeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakespeare; and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April, 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free school; where it is probable he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and

the natural bent of his own great *genius*, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs,) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable, but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakespeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and, in order to settle in the world after a family-manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up: and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him; yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage,

usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank: but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play: and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghost in his own Hamlet. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from some certain authority, which was the first play he wrote*. It would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; Art had so little, and Nature so large a share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in 'em, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in

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* The highest date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when the author was thirty-three years old; and *Richard II.* and *III.* in the next year, viz. the thirty-fourth of his age.

some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *chorus*, at the end of the fourth Act of *Henry V.* by a compliment very handsomely turned to the Earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon Queen Elifabeth, and her successor King James, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a *genius* arise among them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natur'd man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elifabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour. It is that maiden-princess plainly whom he intends by

— *A fair vestal, throned by the west.* vol. i. p. 75.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of *Henry IV.* that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcastle**; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice; since it is certain, that Sir John Falstaff, who

was.

* See the epilogue to *Henry IV.* part 2. vol. iv. p. 243.

was a Knight of the Garter, and a Lieutenant-General, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry V. and Henry VI.'s times. What grace soever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that Noble Lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William d'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, That my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian fingers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature, must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr. Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him, with an ill-natured answer, That it would be of no service to their company; when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the public.

Johnson

Johnson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakespeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed; that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William d' Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Johnson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject, at least as well written by Shakespeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and intitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately. Upon which Shakespeare gave him these four verses.

*Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd:
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd.
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

But

But the sharpness of the satyr is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the fifty-third year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford; where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

*Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.*

*Bless'd be the man that spares these stones,
And curs'd be he that moves my bones.*

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, Esq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbingdon, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family. The character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Johnson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words.

“ I remember the players have often mentioned it as
“ an honour to Shakespeare, that in writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My
“ answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!*
“ which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not
“ told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose
“ that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour;
“ for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on
“ this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed
“ honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions;
“ wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes
“ it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in
“ his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many.

"Many times he fell into those things which could not
 "escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæ-
 "sar, one speaking to him,

"*Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

"He replied,

"*Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause* *.

"and such like, which were ridiculous. But he re-
 "deemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever
 "more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

As for the passage which he mentions, out of Shake-
 speare, there is somewhat like it in Julius Cæsar, but
 without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in
 any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Johnson.
 Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three
 ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never
 seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus*
and Adonis, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanza's, which
 have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to
 the character given of him by Ben Johnson, there is a
 good deal true in it: but I believe it may be as well ex-
 pressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who
 wrote tragedy upon the Greek models, (or indeed trans-
 lated them,) in his epistle to Augustus.

————— *Natura sublimis & acer,
 Nam spirat tragicum satis & feliciter audet,
 Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.*

As

* If ever there was such a line written by Shakespeare, I should
 fancy it might have its place vol. 7. p. 44. after line 32, thus:

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Pleb. *Cæsar had never wrong, but with just cause.*

and very humorously in the character of a *Plebeian*. One might be-
 lieve Ben Johnson's remark was made upon no better credit than
 some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning
 of the third Act, p. 34. l. 41. 42.

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.*—————

But the verse, as cited by Ben Johnson, does not connect with *will*
he be satisfied. Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Johnson's
 time, and so he had nothing to judge by but as the actor pleased to
 speak it. Mr. Pope.

As I have not propos'd to myself to enter into a large and complete collection upon Shakespeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age; and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. 'Tis not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satyr of the present age has taken the liberty to do; yet there is a pleasing and a well distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a masterpiece. The character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the first Act of *Henry V.* though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I don't know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the second part of *Henry IV.* Amongst other extravagances, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor,

tor, under the name of *Justice Shallow*. He has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dogdale, in his antiquities of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various, and well opposed: the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's well that ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in Plautus or Terence. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedick and Beatrice, in *Much ado about nothing*, and of Rosalind in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and I believe Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be masterpieces of ill-nature and satyrical snarling. To these I might add that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*. But though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakespeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability. But, taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth Act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what *Portio* says in praise of Mercy, and the other on the

the power of music. The melancholy of Jaques, in
As you like it, is as singular and odd as it is diverting.
 And if, what Horace says,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the
 description of the several degrees and ages of man's life,
 though the thought be old, and common enough.

— *All the world is a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts;
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*

Vol. 2. p. 245.

His images are indeed every where so lively, that the
 thing he would represent stands full before you, and you
 possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one
 more; which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as

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d

any

any thing I ever saw. 'Tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

——— *She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.*

Vol. 3. p. 107.

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary! The style of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggrel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in. And if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer-night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him. It seems to me as perfect in its kind as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible, that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical; and that extravagant character

character of Caliban is mighty well sustained; shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image; and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that was ever seen. The observation which I have been informed three very great men * concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just, *That Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magic that raises the fairies in *Midsummer-night's Dream*, the witches in *Macbeth*, and the ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice among the tragedies of Mr. Shakespeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults. But as Shakespeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot be but a matter of great wonder, that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered, the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the strength and mastery of

* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

Shakespeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But, in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, *The manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you it is *The life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of Henry VI. than the picture Shakespeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in the second part of *Henry VI.* which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his deathbed, with the good King praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry VIII.* that prince is drawn with that greatness

greatness of mind, and all those good qualities, which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them: but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen Elisabeth; since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great King; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth Act. The distresses likewise of Queen Catharine in this play are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclin'd to wish the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners proper to the persons represented, less justly observed in those characters taken from the Roman history. And of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people; the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakespeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of

their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father; their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of *Electra*: but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Egythus* for help, and to her son for mercy; while *Electra* her daughter, and a princess, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency,) stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son: but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakespeare. *Hamlet* is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as *Orestes*; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art, and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's ghost forbid that part of his vengeance.

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*——

Vol. 8. p. 106.

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy; but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakespeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murdered, in the second Act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this masterpiece of Shakespeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part: A man, who though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakespeare's manner of expression; and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the public; his veneration for the memory of Shakespeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

The

The following Instrument was transmitted to the editors of Shakespeare's works, by John Anstis, Esq; Garter King at Arms. It is marked, G. 13. p. 349.

There is also a manuscript in the herald's office, marked W. 2. p. 276. where notice is taken of this coat, and that the person to whom it was granted, had borne magistracy at Stratford upon Avon.

TO all and singular noble and gentlemen of all estates and degrees, bearing arms, to whom these presents shall come: William Dethick, Garter Principal King of Arms of England, and William Camden, *alias* Clarencieux, King of Arms for the south, east, and west parts of this realm, send greetings. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the valiant facts and virtuous dispositions of worthy men, have been made known and divulged by certain shields of arms and tokens of chivalry; the grant or testimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, and her Highness's most noble and victorious progenitors: Wherefore being solicited, and by credible report informed, that John Shakespeare, now of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, Gentleman, whose great-grandfather, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince, King Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced, and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him, in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit; and for that the said John Shakespeare having married the daughter, and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote in the said county, and also produced this his ancient coat of arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her Majesty's officer and bailiff of that town: in consideration of the premisses, and for the encouragement of his posterity, unto whom such blazon of arms and achievements

ments of inheritance from their said mother, by the ancient custom and laws of arms, may lawfully descend; we the said Garter and Clarencieux have assigned, granted, and confirmed, and by these presents exemplified unto the said John Shakespeare, and to his posterity, that shield and coat of arms, *viz. In a field of gold upon a bend fables a spear of the first, the point upward, headed argent;* and for his crest or cognisance, *A falcon, Or, with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear armed headed, or steeled silver, fixed upon an helmet with mantle and tassels;* as more plainly may appear depicted in this margin: and we have likewise impaled the same with the ancient arms of the said Arden of Wellingeote; signifying thereby, that it may and shall be lawful for the said John Shakespeare, Gent. to bear and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled, as aforesaid, during his natural life; and that it shall be lawful for his children, issue, and posterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, use, and quarter, and shew forth the same, with their due differences, in all lawful warlike feats and civil use or exercises, according to the laws of arms, and custom that to gentlemen belongeth, without let or interruption of any person or persons for use or bearing the same. In witness and testimony whereof, we have subscribed our names, and fastened the seals of our offices. Given at the office of Arms, London, the
 day of in the forty-second year of the reign of
 our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Elisabeth, by the
 grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland,
 Defender of the Faith, &c. 1599.

To

To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. WIL-
LIAM SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither *man* nor *muse* can praise too much.
'Tis true; and all mens' suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For feeblest *Ignorance* on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but *echoes* right;
Or blind *Affection*, which doth ne'er advance
The *truth*, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty *Malice* might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a *matron*. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. *Soul* of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our *stage*!
My Shakespeare, rise. I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room;
Thou art a *monument* without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy *book* doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd *mus*es.
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy *peers*,
And tell how far thou didst our *Lily* outshine,
Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlow's* mighty line.
And though thou hadst small *Latin*, and less *Greek*,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æschylus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Pacuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,
To live again, to hear thy *buskin* tread,
And shake a *stage*: or, when thy *socks* were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all *scenes* of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the *muses* still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his *designs*,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his *lines*!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other *wit*.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lie,
 As they were not of *Nature's* family.
 Yet must I not give *Nature* all: thy *Art*.
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the *poet's* matter *Nature* be,
 His *Art* doth give the *fashion*. And, that he
 Who casts to write a living *line*, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are,) and strike the second *beat*
 Upon the *muses* anvil; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
 For a good *poet's* made, as well as *born*.
 And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
 Lives in his *issue*, even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well torned and true filed lines:
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of *Ignorance*.
 Sweet *swan* of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames.
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the *hemisphere*
 Advanc'd, and made a *constellation* there!
 Shine forth, thou *star* of *poets*, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping *stage*;
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy *volume's* light.

BEN. JOHNSON.

A general Criticism on SHAKESPEARE'S Dramatic Works, by dividing them into four Classes, and so giving an estimate of each Play reduced to its proper Class. By Mr. Warburton.

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The comedies and tragedies in the last class are certainly not of Shakespeare. The most that can be said of them is, that he has, here and there, corrected the dialogue, and now and then added a scene. It may be just worth while to observe, in this place, that the whole first Act of Fletcher's *Two noble kinsmen* was wrote by Shakespeare, but in his worst manner.

The BEAUTIES of SHAKESPEARE, regularly selected
from each Play. By WILLIAM DODD, B. A.

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* We cannot (says Mr. Dodd) help admiring Shakespeare's excellence in these fictitious characters. No man ever equalled him in descriptions of ghosts and fairies; no man ever like him.

With

With respect to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which is the next play in order, Mr. Dodd, in his preface, has the following observation. "There are many passages in Shakespeare, so closely connected with the plot and characters, and on which their beauties so wholly depend, that it would have been absurd and idle to have produced them here. Hence the reader will find little of the *inimitable Falstaff* in this work, and not one line extracted from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, one of Shakespeare's best, and most justly admired comedies. Whoever reads that play, will immediately see there was nothing either proper or possible for this work."

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* This (says Mr. Dodd) is a fine remark, and worthy the attention of all those who reflect vehemently on the offences of others, and never remember the frailty and imperfection of their own nature: like those so severely condemned by our blessed Saviour, who could observe the mote in their brother's eye, but perceived not the beam in their own. Our excellent author, well knowing, that, notwithstanding this, the offences of others were no justification of our own, has added a fine answer to this speech, to obviate that objection.

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* This comparison of life to a stage-play, has been no uncommon one with the poets and other authors long before Shakespeare's time: but I believe we may challenge all that went before him, and all that have succeeded him, to equal the beauties of this speech. Mr. Dodd.

† I don't remember (says Mr. Dodd) ever to have met with a more excellent and picturesque description than this. The old oak, the wretched man, the gilded snake, just approaching the opening of his mouth, gliding away at the sight of Orlando, the posture of the lioness, whose fury and hunger he amazingly augments, by telling us, *her adders were all drawn dry*, and her lying in expectation of his waking, are all imagined and expressed with the greatest strength of fancy, and beauty of diction.

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* The style all through this excellent play is grand and equal, and it abounds with a great variety of fine topics, and affecting passages. Shakespeare seems to have had a particular respect for Faulconbridge, whose character is well maintained; as is that of the King, than whom none could have been a more proper person for tragedy. I know not by what singular good fortune too it has happened, that the text is remarkably correct, and free from that multitude of mistakes wherewith most of our author's works so unhappily abound. Mr. Dodd.

† The reader (says Mr. Dodd.) cannot but be struck with the peculiar excellencies of this speech. We see into the very workings of K. John's troubled soul, while he is wishing, yet afraid to disclose his bloody purpose to Hubert; and how finely does the author describe the situation the mind should be in to hear and embrace such a proposal, the place fittest to disclose it in, the time most suitable to pour it into the bosom of the hearer.

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* With respect to the three parts of *Henry VI.* Mr. Dodd has the following observation. "It is not the business or intention of this work, to enter into a consideration of the genuineness of some of those compositions which are generally received as Shakespeare's, though disputed, and I think we may add justly, by the critics. Among the rest none appear less worthy of our inimitable author, than the three following, (the three parts of *Henry VI.*) Some fine strokes in them sufficiently assure us Shakespeare lent a hand. That he composed the whole, I can by no means persuade myself. However, I leave it to the discussion of others; and only beg leave to observe, that there are beside the few passages I have selected, many single lines, which I could not well produce as beauties separately considered, that merit observation."

† Nothing can more admirably picture to us the horror of a guilty conscience, than this frantic raving of the Cardinal:

*When death's approach is seen so terrible—
 Ah, what a sign it is of evil life!*

Thus hath guilt, even in this world, its due reward, and iniquity is not suffered to go unpunished. The well-weighing such frightful scenes might, perhaps, be of no small service to such as despise lectures from the pulpit, and laugh at the interested representations of divines. Mr. Dodd.

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† The poet, (says Mr. Dodd,) in the former part of the play, gives us the same humane and tender sentiment:

——— O my Lord,

Prefs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue. p. 327. l. 4. 5.

Nothing can afford us a better idea of the author's excellent mind; and we are assured, from the account we have of his character, he was remarkable for his humanity, benevolence, and many virtues.

Look how the father's face

Lives in his issue, even so the race

Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines

In his well-torned, true-filed lines.

Ben Johnson.

† The poet's excellence in so beautifully keeping up the propriety of his characters, can never be sufficiently admired; no expressions
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could have so well become the mouth of an Archbishop as scripture ones; and we may observe, what graces this elegant compliment to his *princess* gains from thence. The blessings of Solomon's reign are set forth in the first of Kings, chap. iv.; where particularly 'tis said, "Every man dwelt safely under his vine:" and so in the Prophet Micah, "They shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid: for all people will walk every one in the name of his god, &c." See *chap. iv. verse. 4. 5.*

† l. 25 & seqq. How much these lines are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian Atheist, in his tract, *De admirandis naturæ reginæ deæque mortalium arcanis*, printed at Paris 1616, the very year our poet died. *O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluisissent ardentius, ac cumulativè affatimque generosa semina contulissent, à quibus ego formæ blanditiam ac elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilam consequutus fuisset. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis.* Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakespeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an Atheist, as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject. Mr. Warburton.—But if, (says Mr. Dodd,) supposing Vanini had wrote first, we should have imagined Shakespeare alluded to him; why may we not, as it is, believe Vanini alluded to Shakespeare?

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to 37. p. 264. l. 1. to 14.

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267. 8. *entire*. p. 269. l. to 18.

* Shakespeare's excellence in these fictitious characters hath been before observed, p. l. In such circles, indeed, none could move like him; *ghosts*, *witches*, and *fairies*, seem to acknowledge him their sovereign. We must observe, that the reality of witches was firmly believed in our author's time, not only established by law, but by fashion also; and that it was not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it: and, as hath been remarked [by Mr. Samuel Johnson, the celebrated author of the *Rambler*,] "upon this general insatiation, Shakespeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true: nor can it be doubted, that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting." Mr. Dodd.

† The arguments (says Mr. Johnson) by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage: a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror. But this sophism Macbeth has forever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though his other productions had been lost.

‡ p. 249. l. 33. & *seqq.* "Hear not, O earth, my steps, lest thy very bones should prate, should tell of where I am, and what I am about to perpetrate, and by their *prating*, or making a noise, take away that silence, the present horror, from the time, which so well suits with it." For what could be more dreadful to such a mind as Macbeth's, than so universal a silence, when all nature deeply hushed, must seem to his guilty mind, as listening to his purpose, and attending to the act he was about to perform? Mr. Dodd.

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 Ambition covered with specious humility, *p. 19. l. 11. to 17.*
 Conspiracy dreadful till executed, *p. 20. l. 19. to 25 *.*

Conspiracy

* That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, confesses, that he could not find those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*,
 f 3. any

Conspiracy described, p. 20. l. 37. to 40. p. 21. l. 1. to 4.

Against cruelty, p. 23. l. 20. to 26.

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Portia's speech to Brutus, p. 25. l. 12. to 32.

Calphurnia

any where so frequent as in Homer. I believe the success would be the same likewise, if we sought for them in any other of our authors besides our British Homer, Shakespeare. This description of the condition of conspirators has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. Our excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident in his own genius, but whose exquisite judgment always led him to the safest guides, has paraphrased this fine description, in his *Cato*.

*O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.*

But we are no longer to expect those terrible graces, which he could not hinder from evaporating in the transusion. We may observe two things on his imitation. First, That the subjects of these two conspiracies being so very different, (the fortune of Caesar and the Roman empire being concerned in the first, and that of only a few auxiliary troops in the other,) Mr. Addison could not with that propriety bring in that magnificent circumstance, which gives the terrible grace to Shakespeare's description.

*The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council.*

For kingdoms, in the poetical theology, besides their good; have their evil geniuses likewise, represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in council with the conspirators, whom he calls the mortal instruments. But this would have been too great an apparatus to the rape and desertion of Syphax and Senpronius. Secondly, The other thing very observable is, that Mr. Addison was so warmed and affected with the fire of Shakespeare's description, that, instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has, before he was aware, given us only the image of his own expressions, on the reading his great original. For,

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death,*

are but the affections raised by such forcible images as these,

*———— All the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
———— The state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.*

Comparing the mind of a conspirator to an anarchy, is just and beautiful: but the interim to a hideous dream, has something in it so wonderfully

Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the prodigies seen the night before his death, p. 28. l. 12. to 41.

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Cleopatra's

wonderfully natural, and lays the human soul so open, that one cannot but be surprised, that any poet, who had not himself been sometime or other engaged in a conspiracy, could ever have given such force of colouring to truth and nature. Mr. Warburton.

* It is remarked by Plutarch, of Antony, that his language and manner of speaking was like his temper, turgid and ambitious; and that he affected the Asiatic manner, which was so. Shakespeare, we find, not only from the style of the present, but many other of Antony's speeches, was no stranger to this: which is a proof of his learning, as well as his inimitable excellence in keeping up the truth of his characters. Mr. Dodd.

† The judicious reader will be much pleased to find the vices and virtues of Antony so justly set forth, so agreeable to all the accounts we have of his character in history. Doubtless no small knowledge in antiquity was necessary for so exact a conformity to the characters of the ancients. Mr. Dodd.

‡ As Dryden plainly entered the lists with Shakespeare, in describing this magnificent appearance of Cleopatra, I shall here give Dryden's description entire, leaving it to the reader to decide the victory.
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 The unsettled humour of lovers, p. 99. l. 24. to 37. p. 100. l. 1. to 13.
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 Octavia's entrance, what it should have been, p. 119. l. 35. to 41. p. 120. l. 1. to 7.
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 Fortune forms our judgment, p. 130. l. 5. to 8.
 Loyalty, p. 130. l. 17. to 22.
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 Death, p. 156. l. 35. to 39. p. 157. l. 1. to 4.
 Cleopatra's dream and description of Antony, p. 157. l. 14. to 32.
 Firm resolution, p. 164. l. 8. to 14.
 Cleopatra's speech on applying the asp, p. 165. l. 14. to 42. p. 166. l. 1. to 16.

*Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd;
 The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
 The gent'le winds were lodg'd in purp'le sails,
 Her nymphs like Nereids round her couch were plac'd,
 Where she, another sea-born Venus lay.
 She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand;
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
 As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
 Neglecting she cou'd take 'em. Boys, like Cupids,
 Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
 That play'd about her face. But if she smil'd,
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
 That mens' desiring eyes were never weary'd,
 But hung upon the object. To soft lutes
 The silver cairs kept time; and while they play'd,
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
 And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, (or somewhat more;)
 For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crouds
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
 To give their welcome voice.*

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† Nothing can exceed this description of a wanton woman. Richard III. speaking of Jane Shore, says,

*We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue. vol. 5. p. 174. l. 22. 23.*

But in *Isaiah*. there is a description of the wanton daughters of Zion, which is peculiarly beautiful. "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks, and wanton eyes, walking, and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, &c" chap iii. 16. Mr. Dodd.

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 Hamlet's directions and advice to the players, *p.* 134. *l.* 4. to 39.
p. 135. *l.* to 10.

† Mr. Guthrie in his *Essay on tragedy*, contrasts this soliloquy of Hamlet with that of Cato, thus. "The speech of Cato is that of a scholar, a philosopher, and a man of virtue: all the sentiments of such a speech are to be acquired by instruction, by reading, by conversation; Cato talks the language of the porch and academy. Hamlet, on the other hand, speaks that of the human heart, ready to enter upon a deep, a dreadful, a decisive act. His is the real language of mankind, of its highest to its lowest order; from the king to the cottager, from the philosopher to the peasant. It is a language which a man may speak without learning; yet no learning can improve, nor philosophy mend it. This cannot be said of Cato's speech. It is dictated from the head rather than the heart; by courage rather than nature. It is the speech of predetermined resolution, and not of human infirmity: it is the language of uncertainty, not of perturbation; it is the language of doubting, but of such doubts as the speaker is prepared to cut asunder, if he cannot resolve them. The words of Cato are not like those of Hamlet, the emanations of the soul: they are therefore improper for a soliloquy, where the discourse is supposed to be held with the heart; that fountain of truth. Cato seems instructed as to all he doubts: while irresolute, he appears determined; and bespeaks his quarters, while he questions whether there is lodging. How different from this is the conduct of Shakespeare on the same occasion!"

On flattery, and an even-minded man, *p.* 135. *l.* 26. *to* 39. *p.* 136.
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OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE†.

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 ed in his suspicions, *p.* 259. *l.* 36. *to* 42. *p.* 260. *l.* 1. *to* 7.
 His pathetic upbraiding of his wife, *p.* 261. *l.* 33. *to* 41. *p.* 262. *en-*
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 His bitter remorse, *p.* 282. *l.* 32. *to* 35. *p.* 283. *l.* 1. *to* 19.
 His last speech, *p.* 285. *l.* 4. *to* 22.

† The beauties of this play (says Mr. Dodd) are peculiarly Shake-
 speare's own. There are in it many excellencies which could not be
 introduced in this work, depending on circumstances, so nicely a-
 dapted, no reader can relish them extracted from the tragedy, which
 is itself one compleat beauty.

THE T E M P E S T.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alonso, <i>King of Naples.</i>	Trinculo, <i>a jester.</i>
Sebastian, <i>his brother.</i>	Stephano, <i>a drunken butler.</i>
Prospero, <i>the rightful duke of Milan.</i>	Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
Antonio, <i>his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.</i>	Miranda, <i>daughter to Prospero.</i>
Ferdinand, <i>son to the King of Naples.</i>	Ariel, <i>an airy spirit.</i>
Gonzalo, <i>an honest old counsellor of Naples.</i>	Iris,
Adrian,	Ceres,
Francisco,	Juno,
Caliban, <i>a salvage, and deformed slave.</i>	Nymphs,
	Reapers,
	Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, an uninhabited island.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a ship at sea.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaster, and a Boatswain.

Boatswain.—

Boatsf. Here, master: what cheer?

Maft. Good, speak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground; bestir, bestir. [Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-sail; tend to th' master's whistle;—blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

VOL. I.

A

Enter

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care: where's the master? play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence——what care these roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o' the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I say. *[Exit.]*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon this howling!

A cry within. Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreson, insolent, noise-maker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers! to prayers! all lost! [*Exe.*

Boatsf. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us assist 'em. For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt rascal——'Would thou might'st lie The washing of ten tides! [*drowning,*

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'it to glut him.

A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!

We split, we split! farewell, my wife and children!

Brother, farewell! we split, we split! we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the King.

[*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The enchanted island.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art (my dearest father) you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel

(Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)

Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock

Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!

Had I been any god of pow'r, I would

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and

The fraighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter,) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I'm more, or better
Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me: so!

[Lays down his mantle.

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there's no soul lost,
No not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay; not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come.

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyfme of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, Miranda; twelve years since
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said, thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; thou his only heir,
A princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Anthonio—
I pray thee, mark me;—(that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first;
And Prospero the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study;)—
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom t' advance, and whom
To trash for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.——Thou attend'st not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *sans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact; like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling oft,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie; he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, from substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!——my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro.

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother?

Mira. I should sin,
To think but nobly of my grand-mother;
Good wombs have bore bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premisses,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother, Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble

Was

Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim

Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have mock'd the sea with drops full-salt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a shore?

Pro. By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom,

Mira. Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now, I pray
you Sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know, thou canst not chuse—

Miranda sleeps.

Come

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my Ariel. Come.

SCENE III. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure: be't to fly;
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son Ferdinand
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd, cry'd, "Hell is empty;
"And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:

The

The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes*, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labour,
I've left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet,
(Which I dispers'd,) they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season, at least two glasses.

Pro. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;

Told

* This is the Spanish pronunciation of Bermudas: the account of which island, in Purchas's pilgrimage, is, that it was called the island of devils, and the enchanted island; these names being given it from the monstrous tempests which there have been often sustained. And again speaking of the whole cluster of islands with which the great one is surrounded, he saith, *The islands seem rent with tempests of thunder lightning and rain, which threaten in time to devour them all.*

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou li'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' sailors; thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine; and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty intrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so: and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:
What shall I do? say, what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' th' sea.
Be subject to no fight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake——

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on——

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serve in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

* *Cal.* [within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when? —

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My Lord, it shall be done. *[Exit.]*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

SCENE IV. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. "As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
"With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
"Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
"And blister you all o'er!"

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stiches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. "I must eat my dinner.
"This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
"Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
"Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; and
wouldst give me
"Water with berries in't; and teach me how
"To name the bigger light, and how the less,
"That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
"And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
"The fresh springs, brine-pits; barren place, and fertile.
"Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
"Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
"For I am all the subjects that you have,
"Who first was mine own king; and here you 'sly me"
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate

The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho! — I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou couldst not, savage,
Shew thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison —

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wert' best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

[*Exit Caliban.*]

SCENE V. *Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible,
playing and singing.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curst be'd when you have, and kiss;
(The wild waves whist;)

I. 100 Foot

*Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

[Burthen, dispersedly.

Hark, hark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark, bough-waugh.

*Ari. Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chancellors
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.*

*Fer. Where should this music be; i' th' air, or earth?—
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.*

[Burthen: ding-dong.

*Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.*

SCENE VI.

*Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.*

*Mira. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.*

*Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,*

Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker,) thou might'st call
him

A goddly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [Aside.
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these ayres attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken!

Pro. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan;
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight,
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear, you've done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? this
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity more my father

To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, Sir: one word more.——

They're both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me:—thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me——

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,

My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,

An advocate for an impostor? hush!
 Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!
 To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
 And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
 Are then most humble: I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey;
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
 And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are.
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me;
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.
 (Thou hast done well, fine Ariel:) follow me.
 Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To Ariel.

Mira. Be of comfort,
 My father's of a better nature, Sir,
 Than he appears by speech: This is unwonted,
 Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain-winds; but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. BESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
 (So have we all) of joy! for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss; our stint of woe

Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation,) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace*.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The 'vise' will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by
and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir——

Seb. One:——Tell——

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd;
comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spo-
ken truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wifelier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my Lord——

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.——

Gon. Well, I have done; but yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wa-
ger, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha;—— So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible——

Seb.

* All this that follows after the words *Pr'ythee, peace.*——to the
words, *You cram these words, &c.* seems to have been interpolated,
(perhaps by the players;) the verses there beginning again; and all
that is between in prose, not only, being very impertinent stuff, but
most improper and ill-placed drollery, in the mouths of unhappy
ship-wrecked people. There is more of the same sort interperfed in
the remaining part of the scene. *Pope.*

Seb. Yet——

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit——

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new-dy'd, than stain'd with salt-water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that! how came that widow in? widow Dido?

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr.

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and house too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, the too; Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live. I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the waters, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alon.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' th' loss.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my Lord—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. "I' th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
" Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
" Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
" Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,
" And use of service, none; contract, succession,
" Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
" No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
" No occupation, all men idle, all,
" And women too; but innocent and pure:
" No sovereignty."

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. "All things in common nature should produce,
"Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
"Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
"Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
"Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance,
"To feed my innocent people."

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle, whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if we would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: will you laugh me asleep? for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do

Do not omit the heavy offer of it.
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my Lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy——

[*All sleep but Seb. and Anti.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What! art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep; what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep!

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep: die rather: wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snore.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me,

Ant.

Ant. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:
Although this lord, of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King, his son's alive:
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? No hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note *, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' th' moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were sea-swallow'd; tho' some, cast again,
May by that destiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come
Is yours and my discharge——

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis,

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So

* No advices by letter.

So is the heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
'That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prosp'ro.

Ant. True!

And look how well my garments fit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience——

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!
Here lies your brother——

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Moral, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel, with music and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you his friend are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.]

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-zy'd conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the King!

[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heav'n's keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [Ex. unt.]

SCENE II. *Changes to another part of the island.*

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of thunder heard.

Cal. "All th' infections that the sun sucks up,
"From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
"By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
"And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
"Fright me with urchin-shews, pitch me i' th' mire,
"Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
"Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
"For every trifle are they set upon me.
"Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
"And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
"Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
"Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometimes am I
"All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
"Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!"

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a sp'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing i' th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge
one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his
liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
chuse but fall by pailfuls——What have we here? a
man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish; he smells like a
fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of,
not

not of the newest, Poor John: a strange fish! "Were
 "I in England now, as once I was, and had but this
 "fish painted, not an holiday-fool there but would give
 "a piece of silver. There would this monster make
 "a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when
 "they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar,
 "they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." Legg'd
 like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o' my troth!
 I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this
 is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffer'd by a
 thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My
 best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no
 other shelter hereabout; "misery acquaints a man with
 "strange bedfellows:" I will here throwd, till the dregs
 of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore:
 This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral;
 well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Sings. The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
 The gunner, and his mate,
 Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
 But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
 She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
 Yet a tailor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do
 you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of Inde?
 Ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of
 your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man
 as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give
 ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano
 breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs,
 who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil
 should

should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trode on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, *Cal.*; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend; open your claps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he is drown'd; and these are devils; O! defend me——

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! "his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract." If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come: Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculoes?

Trin.

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou are not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Sworn ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck; I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the man i' th' moon?—a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' th' isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —— But that the poor monster's in drink; an abominable monster!

Cal. "I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
"berries,

"I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

"A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

"I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

"Thou wond'rous man."

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. "I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

"And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

"Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

"To snare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee

"To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

"Young shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?"

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell,
farewell,

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams: I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing at requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,

Ban' Ban', Cacalyban

Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-

day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Before Prospero's cell.**Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.*

Fer. **T**HERE be some spots are painful; but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, Such baseness
Had ne'er like executer; I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busy-les, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero, at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, set it down, and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard; and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her.
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd;
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a King;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;

The

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! heav'ns rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow,
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Changes to another part of the island.**Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

Ste. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em, servant-monster; drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! they say, there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else! he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I prythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal.

Cal. I thank my Noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trim. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy Greatness will Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st, But this thing dares not.——)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleep; Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him; when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger! interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trim. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he li'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take you that.

[Beats him.]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log Batter his scull; or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him, As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasses Sycorax, As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is she so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, Lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, save our Graces; and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
picture of nobody.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the likeness;
if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts. I defy thee. Mercy
upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not;
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and
after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could
see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to another part of the island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to Seb.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top, invisible.

*Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet;
and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation;
and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heav'n! what were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,

Though

Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders:

(For, certes, these are people of the island,)

Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise, in departing—

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were
boys,

Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,

Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,

* Each putter out on five for one will bring us

Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last; no matter, since I feel

The best is past. Brother, my Lord the Duke,

Stand to, and do as we.

*It was a custom heretofore, for people, upon their going forth to travel, to put out sums of money upon contracts, to receive the same back with increase upon their return; which increase bore a proportion to the length and danger of the voyages they undertook; and upon those which were very long and very hazardous it sometimes rose to 500 per cent.

See Ben Johnson, *Every man out of his humour*, A & II. Scene 3.

See also Morison's *Itinerary*, part 1. p. 198.

SCENE IV. *Thunder and lightning.*

Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and, on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
[*They draw their swords.*

Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero:
Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this most desolate isle else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, Enter the shapes again, and dance with mops and morwes, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,

In

In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done; my high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: they are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
 And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit Prospero from above.*]

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand
 In this strange stare? [you]

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

"Methoughts the billows spoke, and told me of it."

"The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

"That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

"The name of Prosper: it did bafe my trespass."

Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded;

And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; "their great
 guilt,

"Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,

"Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you."

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;

And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

IF I have too austere punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends; for I
 Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life;
 Or that for which I live; whom once again
 I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou

Haft

Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition,
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
"If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
"All sanctimonious ceremonies may
"With full and holy rite be minister'd,
"No sweet aspersions shall the heav'n's let fall
"To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
"Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
"The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
"That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,"
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founde'r'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel——

SCENE III. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service:
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro.

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel; do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night your vow! —

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty —
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[*To Ferdinand.*

[*Soft music.*

SCENE III. *A masque. Enter Iris.*

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with flower, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied and tulip'd brims,
Which spongy April at thy heft betrim's,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy brown
groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pale-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself do'st air; the Queen o' th' fly,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sov'reign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

[*Enter*

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter:
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And, with each end of thy blue bow, dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do not attend the Queen; since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company,
I have foresworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain
Mars's too hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gate.

[Juno descends, and enters.]

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

[They sing.]

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long-continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison-plenty,
 Barns and garners never empty,
 Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing,
 Spring come to you, at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charming lays: may I be bold
 To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
 Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silences:
 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
 There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Naiads*, of the winding brooks,
 With your sedge'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels, and, on this green land,
 Answer your summons, Juno does command:
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 In country-footing.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of th' air-visions
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exe. Fer. and Mira.*]

Pro. Come with a thought; — I thank you: —
Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him:

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing, up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still;
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring;—come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel loaden with glistening apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my
nose is in great indignation.

Ari. VOL. I.

E

Ste.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? if I should take a displeasure against you; look you —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to,
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore speak softly:
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. "Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —"

Ste. "There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss."

Trin. "That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster."

Ste. "I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour."

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: see'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and enter;
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O Peer! O worthy Stephano!
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery; — O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. "I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent
"lent

"lent pass of pate; there's another garment for't."

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this
away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out
of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo driven out, roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I. ***

Before the cell.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pro. **N**OW does my project gather to a head,
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my Lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,

E 2

When

When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, Sir,
In the lime grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old Lord Gonzalo.
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
'The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further; go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Pro. 'Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
' groves,

' And ye that on the sands with printless foot
' Do chase the ebbing Neptune; and do fly him,
' When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
' By moon-shine do the green sours ringlets make,
' Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
' Is to make midnight-mushrooms, that rejoice

' To

' To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 ' (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 ' The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 ' And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 ' Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 ' Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 ' With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 ' Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
 ' The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 ' Have open'd, and let forth their sleepers, wak'd
 ' By my so potent art.' But this rough magic
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly music, which ev'n now I do,
 (To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm has frail'd,) I'll break my staff;
 Bury't a certain fathom in the earth;
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.]

SCENE III.

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks..

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand;
 For you are spell-stopt.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to th' shew of thine,
 Fall fellow-drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
 And, as the morning steals upon the night,
 ' Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
 ' Begin to chase the ign'rant* fumes, that mantle
 ' Their clearer reason.' O my good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:

E 3

Thy

* Hurtful to reason.

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who with Sebastian
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
 Unnat'ral though thou art. "Their understanding
 "Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 "Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 "That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,"
 That yet looks on me, or would know me. — Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will discase me, and myself present,

[Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.]

As I was sometime, Milan: quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch, when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After summer, merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so,
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
 Being awake, inforce them to this place;
 And presently, I pry'thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

[Exit.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
 Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
 For more assurance that a living prince
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
 And to thee and thy company I bid

A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'tt thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreckt upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,

And

And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like losfs?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear losfs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heav'ns! that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prosp'ro, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

SCENE IV. *Opens to the entrance of the cell.*

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing
at Chess.*

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings *[Ferd. kneels.]*
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But, oh! how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples! O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down

In gold on lasting pillars! in one voyage
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
 Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
 In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
 When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands: [To Ferd. and Mir.
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
 That doth not wish you joy!

Gen. Be't so, Amen!

SCENE V.

*Enter Ariel, with the master and boatswain amazedly,
 following.*

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
 I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
 Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
 Our King and company; the next, our ship,
 Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
 Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
 We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen;
 From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
 And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
 Where, but ev'n now, with strange and sev'ral noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
 Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
 Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought mopping hither.

Ari.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo,
in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune; Coragio,
bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my Lord Anthonio!
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my Lords;
Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall
not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' th' island, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle; and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Excunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Prospero*.

*N*OW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to inchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
 Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*
 Lysander, *in love with Hermia.*
 Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*
 Philostrate, *Master of the Sports to the Duke.*
 Quince, *the Carpenter.*
 Snug, *the Joiner.*
 Bottom, *the Weaver.*
 Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
 Snowt, *the Tinker.*
 Starveling, *the Tailor.*
 Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
 Hermia, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
 Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
 Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
 Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
 Peaseblossom, }
 Cobweb, } *Fairies.*
 Moth, }
 Mustard seed, }
 Pyramus, }
 Thisbe, } *Characters in the*
 Wall, } *interlude per-*
 Moonshine, } *formed by the*
 Lion. } *clowns.*
 Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, *Athens; and a wood not far from it.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with attendants.

The. **N**OW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
 Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
 Long wintering on a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly sleep themselves in night;
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow,
 New bent in heaven, shall behold the night

Of our solemnities,

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up th' Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword;
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee, in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus; our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius.—My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander.—And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast giv'n her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast, by moon-light, at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n th' impression of her fantasy,

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; (messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth,)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious Duke,

Be't so she will not, here before your Grace,

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law

Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.

To you your father should be as a god;

One that compos'd your beauties: yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To 'leve the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

The. In himself he is;

But in this kind; wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your grace to pardon me:

I know not by what pow'r I am made bold;

Nor how it may concern my modesty,

In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:

But I beseech your Grace, that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless, moon?

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden-pilgrimage!

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his Lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new moon,

(The sealing day betwixt my love and me,

For everlasting bond of fellowship,)

Upon that day either prepare to die,

For disobedience to your father's will;

Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;

Or on Diana's altar to protest,

For

For ay, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia*; and, *Lyfander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyf. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lyfander*! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lyf. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd: my love is more than his:
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)

Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena*;

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, doats,

Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry;

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,

And with *Demetrius* thought t' have spoke thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it. But, *Demetrius*, come;

And come, *Egeus*; you shall go with me;

I have some private schooling for you both.

For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm yourself

To fit your fancies to your father's will;

Or else the law of *Athens* yields you up

(Which by no means we may extenuate)

To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?

Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;

I must employ you on some business

Against our nuptials, and confer with you

Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II. *Manent Lyfander and Hermia.*

Lyf. How now, my love? why is your check so pale?

F. 3.

How

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lyf. Hermia, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood——

Her. O cross!——too high, to be intrall'd to low!——

Lyf. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years——

Her. O spight! too old, to be engag'd to young!

Lyf. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends——

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lyf. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,

“Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

“That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;

“And here a man hath power to say, Behold!

“The jaws of darkness to devour it up;”

So quick bright things come to confusion.——

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience;

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and sighs,

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lyf. A good persuasion; therefore hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child;

From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues,

And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,

Where I did meet thee once with Helena

To do observance to the morn of May.

There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lyfander,——

Lyf.

Lys. I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;——

Her. In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

SCENE III. *Enter Helena.*

Her. God speed, fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unfair;
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue's sweet air,
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn-buds appear.
Sickness is catching: oh, were favour so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being 'bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles such
skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. [mine!]

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my fa;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?

Lys.

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time, that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gate we have devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;
There my *Lyfander* and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*!
Keep word, *Lyfander*; we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Hermia.*]

Lys. I will, my *Hermia*. — *Helena*, adieu;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [*Exit Lyfander.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:
He will not know, what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
Ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,

Pursue

Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Changes to a cottage.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Duchsels, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so go on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest;—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cap in: To make all split—"the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison-gates—" and *Phibbus*' carr shall shine from far, and make and "mar the foolish fates *."—This was lofty. Now name

* This was probably a piece of nonsensical bombast taken out of some foolish play known at that time.

name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisbe on you.

Flu. What is Thisbe, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a masque; and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, Thisbe, Thisbe: ah Pyramus, my lover dear, thy Thisbe dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you, Thisbe.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother.

Tom-Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisbe's father; Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchsels and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice,

so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove;
I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously, Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings *. ———

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I. ***

A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin Good-fellow) at another.

Puck. **H**OW now, spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,

* A proverbial phrase, signifying, *without fail, or, in all events.*

I do wander every where,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the Fairy Queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green;
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
 In their gold coats spots you see,
 Those be rubies, Fairy-favours;
 In those freckles live their favours:
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
 Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night,
 Take heed the Queen come not within his sight.
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian King:
 She never had so sweet a changeling;
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
 But she *per* force with-holds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 But they do square, that all their elves for fear
 Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd, and knavish sprite,
 Call'd *Robin Goodfellow*. Are you not he,
 That fright the maidens of the villagere,
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless huswife chern:
 And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm,
 Misdread night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing

Neighing in likeness of a filly-foal;
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab*;
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And rails or cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loose,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 But make room, Fairy, here comes Oberon,
Fai. And here my mistress: would that he were gone!

SCENE II. ***

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his train,
 and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met at moon-light, proud Titania.

Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence,
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady; but I know,
 When thou hast stol'n away from Fairy-land,
 And in the shap of Corin sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To am'rous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steep of India?
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded: and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolita;
 Knowing, I know thy love to Theseus!
 Didst thou not lead him glimmering, through the night,
 From Perigune, whom he ravished;
 And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
 With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

VOL. I.

G

Queen.

* Crab-apple.

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
 And never since that middle summer's spring
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margin of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents.
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatt'd with the murrian-flock;
 The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter herried,
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest'd:
 'Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
 'That rheumatic diseases do abound.
 And thorough this diltemperature, we see
 The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown,
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
 By their inchase, now knows not which is which
 And this same progeny of evil comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,

The Fairy-land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order,
 And, in the spiced Indian air by night,
 Full often she hath gossipp'd by my side;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate,
 Follying (her womb then rich with my young squire)
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,

And see our moon-light revels, go with us:

If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy Fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury.——
 My gentle Puck, come hither; thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember,

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou cou'dst not,
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid alarm'd: a certain aim he took
 At a fair Vestal *, throned by the west,
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow;

G 2

As

* A compliment to Q. Elizabeth; as it seems probable that Mary Queen of Scots was pointed at in the preceding speech of Oberon.

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 And the Imperial vot'refs pass'd on,
 In maiden-meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell,
 It fell upon a little western flower;
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
 And maidens call it love in idleness.
 Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I shew'd thee once:
 The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
 Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*]

Ob. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing which she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb,)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible;
 And I will overhear their conference.

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lyfander, and fair Hermia?
 The one I'll slay; the other slayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood;
 And here am I, and wood within this wood;
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia;
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
 But yet you draw not iron; for my heart

Is true as steel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I shall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do see your face;
Therefore I think I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius,
 Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
 We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
 We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo,
 I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell:
 To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove,
 Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
 Hast thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
 O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight;
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in:
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies,
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man,
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond of her, than she upon her love;
 And look you meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my Lord; your servant shall do so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.*

Queen. Come, now, a roundel, and a Fairy song:
 Then, for the third part of the midnight, hence;
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,

Some

Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint sports. Sing me now asleep:
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;

Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;

Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Philomel, with melody,

Sing in your sweet lullaby;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:

Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;

Sò good night with lullaby.

Second Fairy.

Weaving spiders, come not here;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:

Beetles black; approach not near;

Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel with melody, &c.

First Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:

One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.]

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou feelt, when thou doft wake,
Do it for thy true love take:
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or hoar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[Exit Oberon.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Lyfander and Hermia.

Lyf. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, Lyfander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lyf. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lyfander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lyf. O, take the sense, sweet of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms, interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms, and a single troth:
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyfander riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander li'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lyf. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be prest!

[They sleep.]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love:

Night

Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid,
 And here the maiden sleeping found
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie
 Near to this lack-love kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid;
 So awake, when I am gone:
 For I must now to Oberon. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet Demetrius!

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase;
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears;
 If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
 For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear.
 Therefore no marvel, tho' Demetrius
 Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
 But who is here? Lysander on the ground:
 Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:
 Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake,

Lys. And run thro' fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.]

Transparent Helen, nature here shews art,

That

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart:
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lyfander, say not so;
What tho' he love your Hermia? Lord, what tho'?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent;
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says, you are the worthier maid.
Things, growing, are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now not ripe to reason;
And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good, sooth, you do;
In such disdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness:
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd!

[*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia; Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lyfander near;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
'I he deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my pow'rs, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight!

[*Exit.*

Her. Help me, Lyfander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:

Ay

Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
 Lyfander, look how I do quake with fear;
 Methought a serpent ate my heart away;
 And you sat smiling on his cruel prey:
 Lyfander! what, remov'd? Lyfander, Lord!
 What, out of hearing gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear,
 Speak, of all loves; (I swoon almost with fear.)
 No?—then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
 Or death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Wood.

*Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.
 The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Bot. **A**RE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green-plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince——

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snowt. By'r'laken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well: write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and for more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot.

Ay

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snowt. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snowt. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: Ladies, or, Fair Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are: and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play!

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him

him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts, Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

SCENE II. *Enter Puck behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here.

So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?

What! a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus; Thisbe, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisbe, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours, favours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisbe, dear;

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while;

And, by and by, I will to thee appear. [*Exit Pyr.*]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Aside.*]

Thisbe. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Thisbe. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red-rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisk Juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man; why you must not speak that yet: that you answer to Pyramus; you speak all your part at once; cues and all. Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Bottom, with an ass-head.

Thisbe. O, — As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted;
pray, masters; fly, masters; help! [*The Clowns exeunt.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier;

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of
them to make me afraid.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; what do I see
on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your
own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee; thou art trans-
lated.

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of
me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stir
from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and
down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am
not afraid.

[*Sings.*]

The oufel cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill;

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry-bed?

[*Waking.*]

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

[*Sings.*]

The plain-song cuckow gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay.

For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckow
never so?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;

Mine

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, Miltress, you should have little reason
for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep
little company together now-a-days. The more the pity,
that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.
Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no,
I am a spirit of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore go with me,
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

SCENE III. *Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I. Where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;

The honey bags steal from the humble bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

H 2

2 *Fair.*

2 *Fair.* Hail! ———

3 *Fair.* Hail! ———

Bot. I cry your Worship's mercy heartily; I beseech your Worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman.

Pease. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash your mother, and to Master Peasecod your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, Sir.

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your parentage, well: that same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire more of your acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;

And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity!

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Enter King of Fairies.*

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak'd:

Then what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must doat on in extremity,

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! How now, mad sprite!

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love,

Near to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.

The

The shallow'st thick-skin of that barren fort,
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's noll I fixed on his head;
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mianock comes: when they him spy,
 As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in fort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
 Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania wak'd, and straitway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
 And the Athenian woman by his side,
 That when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

SCENE V. *Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

Ob. Stand close, this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse;
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
 And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
 As he to me. Would he have stol'n away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide i' th' Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you the murderer look as bright and clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimm'ring sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyfander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.

O! once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?

An adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;
I am not guilty of Lyfander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I fo:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no.

[Exit.]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.]

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath. [troth,

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens see thou find.
All fancy sick she is, and pale of cheek,
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear;
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside; the noise, they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone,
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

SCENE VI. *Enter Lysander and Helena.*

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O devilish, holy, fray!
These

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Her. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine,

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy; O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This pureness of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Hel. O spight, O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But must join insolents to mock me too?

If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:

To vow and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals to mock Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of nobler sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.

And here, with all good-will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And your's of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My

My heart to her but as guest-wife sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

SCENE VII. *Enter Hermia.*

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lyfander from my side?

Lys. Lyfander's love, that would not let him 'bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be,

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us; O! and all is forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,

Like-

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition;
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first*, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
 I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lyfander*, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyfander*
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection;
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate:
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
 Thus you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
 Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument:
 But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lyf. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuse,
 My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena*!

Hel. O excellent!

Lyf.

* A term used in blazoning, when two coats of arms are quartered together, and the second is the same as the first.

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her sp.

Dem. If she cannot intreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou can'st compel no more than she intreat:
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do.

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too,

Dem. Quick, come——

Her. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no; he'll seem

To break away; take on as he would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur; vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this!
Sweet love!

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out;
Out, loathed medicine; hated poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth, and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lyfander?

I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me;

Why then you left me——(O the gods forbid it!)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me, you juggler! oh, you canker-blossom,

You

Lys.

e quar-

You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, I' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? what, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet you.

Her. Puppet! why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted may-pole? speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curs'd.
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me:
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *minimus*, of hind'ring knot-grafs made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone, speak not of Helena,
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her.
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st; to try whose right,
Or thine, or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coyl is long of you;
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curs'd company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[*Exeunt, Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

SCENE VIII. *Enter Oberon and Puck.*

Ob. This is thy negligence; still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook.
Did you not tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it did so fort.
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon
 With drooping fogs, as black as Acheron;
 And lead these testy rivals so astray,
 As one come not within another's way.
 Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
 And sometime rail thou, like Demetrius;
 And from each other look thou lead them thus;
 Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
 Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye,
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
 To take from thence all error with its might;
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my Queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste;
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts wand'ring here and there
 Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear left day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully exile themselves from light;
 And must for ay consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort;
 I with the morning-light have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Ev'n till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune with far-blessing beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit Ob.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down;

I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then.

To plainer ground. [*Lys. goes out, as following Dem.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speak again;

Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak in some bush: where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lysander comes back.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I.
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day:

[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight,

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not!

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy
 this dear,
 If ever I thy face by day-light see.
 Now, go thy way; faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.
 By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down.*]

SCENE IX. *Enter Helena.*

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the east;
 That I may back to Athens by day-light,
 From these, that my poor company detest;
 And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
 Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
 Two of both kinds make up four.
 Here she comes, curs'd and sad;
 Cupid is a knavish lad,
 Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
 I can no further crawl, no further go;
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
 Heav'n's shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
 Sleep found,
 I'll apply
 To your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*]
 When thou wak'st,
 Thou tak'st
 True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye;
 And the country-proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown.

Jack

Jack shall have Jill, naught shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

[Exit Puck. [They sleep.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continued, The Wood.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

Queen. **C**OME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth'd head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Monsieur; and, good Monsieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I should be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monsieur Mustardseed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy nease, Monsieur Mustardseed; pray you, leave your curtesy, good Monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, Monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural music, tongs, &c.

Queen. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away: So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, Gently entwist the maple; ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. O how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin; seest thou this sweet light? Her dotage now I do begin to pity; For, meeting her of late behind the wood, Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool, I did upbraid her, and fall out with her; For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds, Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty flourish's eyes, Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her, And she in mild terms begg'd my patience, I then did ask of her, her changeling child, Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land. And now I have the boy, I will undo This hateful imperfection of her eyes: And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp From off the head of this Athenian swain; That he, awaking, when the others do, May all to Athens back again repair;

And

And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But, first, I will release the Fairy Queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet Queen.

Queen. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?

Oh, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while; Robin, take off his head;

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Queen. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Still music.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
peep.

Ob. Sound, music; come, my Queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all far posterity:

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning-lark.

Ob. Then, my Queen, in silence sad;

Trip we after the night's shade;

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my Lord, and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Sleepers lie still.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Wind horns within.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation * I perform'd,
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, go,——
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning-dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear. But soft, what nymphs are these?

Ege. My Lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this Lyſander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, Old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve:
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak, Egeus, is not this the day,
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my Lord.

The. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns,

* Meaning the obſervance of the time preſcribed for their nuptials.

Horns, and shout within; Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good morrow, friends; Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

The. I pray you, all stand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half-sleep, half-waking. But as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here;

But as I think, (for truly would I speak,) *Dem.*

And now I do bethink me, so it is;

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be

Without the peril of th' Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough; my Lord, you have enough;

I beg the law, the law upon his head:

They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me;

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

And I in fury hither follow'd them;

Fair Helena in fancy following me:

But, my good Lord, I wot not by what power,

But by some power it is, my love to Hermia

Is melted as the snow; seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gaude,

Which in my childhood I did doat-upon:

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only Helena. To her, my Lord,

Was I betrothed ere I Hermia saw;

But like a sickness did I loath this food:

But, as in health, come to my natural taste,

Now do I wish it, love it, long for it;

And will for evermore be true to it.

The

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
 Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit;
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
 Away with us to Athens; three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolita. [*Exeunt Duke, Hippol. and train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
 And I have found Demetrius like a gemell;
 Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
 That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,
 The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
 And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *As they go out, Bottom wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, Most fair Pyramus—hey, ho,—Peter Quince, Flute the bellows-mender! Snowt the tinker! Starveling! god's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called *Bottom's Dream*,

Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of the play before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Changes to the town.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon; a paramour is (God blefs us!) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! thus hath he lost fixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd fixpence a-day; an the Duke had not given him fixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserv'd it. Sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd; in any case, let Thisbe have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws; and, most dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a most sweet comedy. No more words; away; go away. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

Hip. **T**IS strange, my Theseus, what these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true, I never may believe
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
"Are of imagination all compact:
"One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
"The madman. While the lover, all as frantic,
"Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
"Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
"And, as imagination bodies forth
"The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
"Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
"A local habitation and a name.
"Such tricks hath strong imagination,
"That if it would but apprehend some joy,
"It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip.

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here comes the lover, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lys. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

The. Come now, what masques, what dances shall we
To wear away this long age of three hours, [have,
Between our after supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Enter Philostrate.

Philostr. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? how shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostr. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

[Giving a paper:

The. [reads.] *The battle with the centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was plaid,

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satyr, keen and critical;

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe; very tragical-mirth.

Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is hot ice, a wondrous strange shew.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief, as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my Noble Lord, it is:
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptials.

The. And we will hear it:

Philost. No, my Noble Lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:

"For never any thing can be amiss,
"When simpleness and duty tender it."
Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Phil.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing:

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor (willing) duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

"Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

"To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

"Where I have seen them shiver and look pale;

"Make periods in the midst of sentences,

"Throttle

"Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
 "And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 "Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 "Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
 "And in the modesty of fearful duty
 "I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 "Of saucy and audacious eloquence."
 Love therefore, and tongue-ti'd simplicity,
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philost. So please your Grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*]

SCENE II. *Enter Quince, for the prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good-will,
 That you should think, we come not to offend,
 But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider, then, we come but in despight.

We do not come, as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is.——All for your delight,
 We are no there.——That you should here repent you,
 The actors are at hand;——and by their show,
 You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he
 knows not the stop. A good morak, my Lord. It is
 not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a
 child on his recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
 impaired, but all disordered. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion,
as in dumb shew.

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
 But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
 This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
 This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.
 This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
 Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:

And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo,

This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,

The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain;

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

And Thisbe, tarrying in the mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,

At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

The. I wonder if the Lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord; one Lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,

That I, one Snowt by name, present a wall;

And such a wall, as I would have you think,

That had in it a crannied hole or chink;

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,

That I am that same wall; the truth is so.

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
O night which ever art, when day is not! [black!]

O

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack;
 I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.
 And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 That stands between her father's ground and mine;
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
 Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!
 But what see I? no Thisbe do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blifs;
 Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!
The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse
 again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving*
me, is Thisbe's cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her
 through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told
 you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

Thisb. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 For parting my fair Pyramus and me.
 My cherry lips have often kifs'd thy stones:
 Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
 To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.
Thisbe!

Thisb. My love? thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
 And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

Thisb. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

Thisb. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O kifs me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thisb. I kifs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

Thisb. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I Wall my part discharged so:
 And being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neigh-
 bours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when walls are so wil-
 ful to rear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my Lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present:
Myself the man i' th' moon doth seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i' th' moon.

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you see it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; 'would he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the
lanthorn is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-
bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for
they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes *Thisbe*.

Enter Thisbe.

Thif. This is old Ninny's tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.—— [The Lion roars, *Thisbe* runs off.]

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.

The. Well run, *Thisbe*.

Hip. Well shone, Moon.

Truly the Moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well mouz'd, Lion.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Per. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy funny-beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe*'s sight.

But stay: O sight!

But mark, poor Knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O deer,

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, you furies fell:

O fates! come, come:

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend

Would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart; but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is——no, no——which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come

Come tears, confound: out sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus.

Ay, that left pap where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky;

Tongue, lose thy light; moon, take thy flight;

Now die, die, die, die. [Dies.]

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back, and finds her lover?

Enter Thisbe.

The. She will find him by star-light.

Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spy'd him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily brows,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lave them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue,

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

And farewell, friends,

Thus Thisbe ends;

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hung himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your bergomask; let your epilogue alone. [Here a dance of clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost Fairy-time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd.

The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revel, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Enter Puck.*

Puck. "Now the hungry lion roars,

"And the wolf behowls the moon:

"Whilst the heavy plowman snoars,

"All with weary task fore-done.

"Now the wasted brands do glow,

"Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

"Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,

"In remembrance of a shroud.

"Now it is the time of night,

"That the graves, all gaping wide,

"Every

" Every one lets forth his spright,
 " In the church-way paths to glide;
 " And we Fairies, that do run
 " By the triple Hecate's team,
 " From the presence of the sun,
 " Following darkness like a dream,"

Now are frolic; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowfy fire,
 Every elf, and Fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this ditty after me
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Queen. First rehearse this song by rote,
 To each word a warbling note.
 Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
 Will we sing and bless this place.

THE SONG.

Now until the break of day,
 Through this house each Fairy stay.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be:
 And the issue there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate;
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be:
 And the blots of Nature's hand,
 Shall not in their issue stand;
 Never mole, hair-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every Fairy take his gate,

And

*And each several chamber blest,
Through this palace with sweet peace.
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme
No more yielding than a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends;
And Robin shall restore amends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Th

T H E
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Milan, father to Silvia.	Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine.
Valentine, } the two Gentlemen.	Launce, the like to Protheus.
Protheus, }	Panthion, servant to Anthonio.
Anthonio, father to Protheus.	Julia, a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.
Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine.	Silvia, the Duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.
Eglamore, agent for Silvia in her escape.	Lucetta, waiting woman to Julia.
Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.	
Out-laws.	Servants, Musicians.

The SCENE, sometimes in Verona, sometimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

Val. **C**EASE to persuade, my loving Protheus; Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits: Wer't not affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, I rather would intreat thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad; Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home) Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein; Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro.

*It may very well be doubted whether Shakespeare had any other hand in this play, than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there; which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? sweet Valentine, adieu;
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee *.

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's
mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master; for he masters you.

And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. 'Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
'The eating canker dwells; so eating love
'Inhabits in the finest wits of all.'

Val. 'And writers say, as the most forward bud
'Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
'Even so by love the young and tender wit
'Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud;
'Losing his verdure even in the prime,

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And

* ———I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, &c.

'And all the fair effects of future hopes.'
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my father, at the road,
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no: now let us take our leave.
At Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home; and, so farewell!

[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me:
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.

SCENE II. *Enter Speed.*

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you; saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t'imbarc for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I
wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay; that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my ma-
ster seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Bad*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton *; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best flick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she: did she nod? [*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I! why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir: I said, she did nod: And you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

L 2

Speed.

* *Lac'd mutton* is a phrase anciently used for a lady of pleasure.

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why! could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me, that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you, in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—Take this for thy pains: To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me: In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter yourself: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck, Which cannot perist, having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to Julia's chamber.*

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names; I'll shew my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear Madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, Madam.

Jul. To Julia; say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from
Protheus.

He would have giv'n it you; but I being in the way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines!

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[Exit.]

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
 And would not force the letter to my view?
 Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
 Which they would have the proff'rer construe, *Ay*.
 Fy, fy; how wayward is this foolish love,
 That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
 And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod?
 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
 When willingly I would have had her here!
 How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
 My penance is to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past.
 What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your Ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
 That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
 Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then!

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie, where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, Madam, to a tune:
 Give me a note; your Ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
 Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike, it hath some burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul.

Jul. Let's see your song:
How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out;
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, Madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too faucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat.

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed I bid the base for Protheus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [Tears it.

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends:

Look, here is writ *kind Julia*;—Unkind *Julia*!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones;

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a foreign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down;

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name: That some whirlwind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,

To the sweet Julia: that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.

Thus

Thus I will fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Ful. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Ful. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Ful. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, Madam, you may say what sights you see:
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Ful. Come, come, wilt please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Antonio's house.*

Enter Antonio and Panthion.

Ant. Tell me, Panthion, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew, Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your Lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Protheus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known to travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world,
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,

And

And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your Lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him
thither;

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall Protheus go.
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh heav'nly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my Lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordship's will,

And

And

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sort'd with his wish:
Mute not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the Emp'r's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me;
To-morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord, I cannot be soon provided;
Please to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthion; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd;
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of my own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed: **S**IR, your glove,—

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed.

Speed. Why then this may be your's, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, 'tis mine.
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, firrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your Worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your Worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like Sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his *A, B, C*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak piling, like a beggar at Hallow-mass. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would; but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal: that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my Lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? ev'n she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she injoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! give ye good ev'n, here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, Madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command a thousand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period; well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your Ladyship? do you not like it? *[Aside.*

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them; writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your Ladyship another.

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Sil.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, Madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good morrow, servant. [Exit.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invifible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write
the letter?

Val. How now, Sir? what? are you reasoning with
yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,
When she hath made you write to yourself?
Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir: but did you per-
ceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd; and there's
an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; though the Cameleon
love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by
my victuals, and would fain have meat. Oh! be not
like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to Julia's house at Verona.*

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here take you
this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erflows me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.

[*Exit Julia.*]

Julia, farewell. ——— What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to a street.**Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.*

Launc. 'Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natur'd dog that lives. My mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! He is a stone, a very pebble-stone. and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't there 'tis. Now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog: no, the dog is himself; and I am the dog; oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father: Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kifs my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother; oh that she could speak now like a wode woman! well, I kifs her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars: what's
The

the matter? why weep'st thou, man? away, afs, you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ti'd were lost, for it is the unkindest ti'd that ever any man ti'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ti'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service, ——— why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail. —

Laun. Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Changes to Milan.*

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant. —

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, 'tis for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of Cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir, you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, Gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet Lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladyship's looks, and spends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir, you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, Gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

SCENE V. *Enter the Duke.*

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends? Of much good news?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke.

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, I know the gentleman.
To be of worth and worthy estimation;
And, not without desert, so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well.

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Protheus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe:
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good-grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Bestrew me, Sir; but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an Empress' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio;
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it;
I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your Ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, Lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu.

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

SCENE VI. *Enter Protheus.*

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus: Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet Lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability;
Sweet Lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome.

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lord your father would speak with
you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come,
Sir Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, my new servant, welcome:

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt Sil. and Thu.*]

SCENE VII.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much com-
mended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Protheus, Love's a mighty Lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth;
Now no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of Love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swalling flower;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what bragadism is this?

Val.

Val. Pardon me, Protheus; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone——

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world; why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love, thou know'st it is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[Exit Val.]

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not as I was wont.

O! but I love his lady too, too, much;
 And that's the reason I love him so little,
 How shall I doat on her with more advice,
 That thus without advice begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
 And that has dazzled so my reason's light:
 But when I look on her perfections,
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. *Changes to a street.*

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, Welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her*.

Speed.

* ———— it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under, and understand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, &c.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, Ay, it will; if he say, No, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so; but, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, thy master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love: if thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a Christian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Enter Proteus solus.*

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn:
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet suggesting love! if I have sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sov'reignty so oft thou hast preferr'd

With

With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
 But there I leave to love, where I should love:
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself:
 If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia. —
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still most precious in itself:
 And Silvia (witness Heav'n, that made her fair!)
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead:
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
 Myself in counsel his competitor.
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight:
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine:
 For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter.
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

SCENE X. *Changes to Julia's house in Verona.**Enter Julia and Lucetta.*

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Protheus,

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary

To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the only touch of love,
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
 ' The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 ' Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
 ' But when his fair course is not hindered,
 ' He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones;
 ' Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 ' He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
 ' And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 ' With willing sport to the wild ocean.
 ' Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
 ' I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 ' And make a pastime of each weary step,
 ' Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 ' And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 ' A blessed soul doth in Elysium.'

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men:
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your Ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
 To be fantastic, may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as——“tell me, good my
 “ Lord,

“ What

"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"

Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
Madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so untaid a journey?
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not; but do it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Duke's palace in Milan.**Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.*

Duke. **S**IR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while;
 We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thur.*]
 Now tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover,
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
 But when I call to mind your gracious favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that,
 Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.
 Know, worthy Prince, Sir Valentine my friend
 This night intends to steal away your daughter:
 Myself am one made privy to the plot.
 I know you have determin'd to bestow her
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates:
 And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift;
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
 If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen.
 Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company, and my court.
 But fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
 And so unworthily disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
 I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me,

And

And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept:
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, Noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently:
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord: Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit Pro.*]

SCENE II. *Enter Valentine.*

Duke. Sir Valentine whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near; wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my Lord; and sure the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.

And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
 Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
 And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
 Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
 I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
 And turn her out to who will take her in.
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
 For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, Sir, in Milan here,
 Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
 And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
 Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
 (For long ago I have forgot to court;
 Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)
 How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words:
 Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
 More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;
 Send her another; never give her o'er;
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you.
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone:
 For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
 For, Get you gone, she doth not mean away.
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
 Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
 And kept severely from resort of men,
 That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
 That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duk

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower;
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my Lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good Lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my Lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

[Pulls off his cloak.

What letter is this same? what's here? *To Silvia!*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding?

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Duke reads.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,

While I, their King, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune;

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee.*

'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phæton, for thou art Merops' son,

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And

And with thy daring folly burn the world?
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
 Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
 And think my patience more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence.
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories,
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heav'n my wrath shall far exceed the love
 I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;
 But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
 ' To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
 ' And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her,
 ' Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
 ' What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 ' What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
 ' Unless it be to think that she is by;
 ' And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 ' Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 ' There is no music in the nightingale;
 ' Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 ' There is no day for me to look upon.'
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter Proteus and Launce.**Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.*Laun.* So-ho! so-ho! ———*Pro.* What seest thou?*Laun.* Him we go to find.

There's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valensine.

Pro.

Pro. Valentine;—

Val. No.

Pro. Who then, his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you—

Pro. I say forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stop't, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-sheeding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That

That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life.
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd.
Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate.
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, tho' not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out: come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

SCENE IV.

Laun. "I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have
"the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but
"that's all one, if he be but one kind. He lives not
"now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love;
"but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me,
"nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what
"woman, I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-
"maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossip;
"yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves
"for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-
"spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. Here
"is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.

"*Imprimis,*

"*Imprimis*, She can fetch and carry; why, a horse can
 "do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only
 "carry; therefore she is better than a jade. *Item*, She
 "can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with
 "clean hands."

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news with
 your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word:
 what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fy on thee, jolt-head, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-
 mother; this proves that thou can'st not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, She can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, She brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Blessing of*
your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. *Item*, She can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, She can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench,
 when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, She can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to be
 wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, She can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she
 can spin for her living.

Sp. ed. *Item*, She hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *bastard virtues*, that
 indeed

indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, She is not to be kifs'd fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, She is slow in words.

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, She is proud.

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, She hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, She is curs'd.

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, She will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, She is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down, she's slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, She hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. "Stop here; I'll have her; she was mine, and "and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse "that once more."

Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be. I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt. The hair that covers the wit, is more

more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous; oh that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. —I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Enter Duke and Thurio.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir Protheus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my Lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my Lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my Lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that my Lord, I shall be loath to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my Lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,

Yon

You are already Love's firm votary;
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large:
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough.
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires.
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poetry.

Pro. " Say, that upon the altar of her beauty:
" You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
" Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
" Moist it again: and frame some feeling line,
" That may discover such integrity:
" For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews.
" Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
" Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
" Forsake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands."

After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love!

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music;
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after supper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it, I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I

A forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

- F**ELLOWS, stand fast: I see a passenger.
 1 *Outlaw.*
 2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

- 3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

- 1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies,

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

- 3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
 A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
 My riches are these poor habiliments,
 Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
 You take the sum and substance that I have.

- 2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

- 1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

- 3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
 If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

- 1 *Out.* What were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

- 2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
 I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
 But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
 Without false vantage, or base treachery.

- 1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.*

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men;
Myself was from Verona banish'd,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and niece ally'd unto the Duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want; —

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, Ay; and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our King.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou di'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to an open place, under Silvia's apartment in Milan.*

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already I've been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd.
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope;
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening-music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Protheus, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: now, Gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

SCENE III.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're ally-
sholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul.

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Hof. Hark, what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spight.

Hof. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Hof. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he
lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Hof. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by
his master's command, he must carry for a present to his
lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead.
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and music.*]

SCENE IV. *Silvia above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, Gentlemen:
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, Lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle Lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man?

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends,

For me, by this pale Queen of night, I swear;

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wronged suit;

And, by and by, intend to chide myself,

Ev'n

Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady; but she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it; For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend, Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave, Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her thence, Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate, Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber: To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep: For since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoted, I am but a shadow; And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If it were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir; But since your falsehood shall become you well To worship shadows, and adore false shapes; Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it: And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night, That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Excunt Protheus and Silvia.*]

Jul. Hoft, will you go?

Hoft. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus?

Hoft. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE

Ev'n

SCENE V. *Enter Eglamour.*

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Intreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam!

Silvia above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your Ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy Lady, to yourself.
According to your Ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd,
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love di'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell;
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your Ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle Lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Enter Launce with his dog.*

' When a man's servant shall play the cur with him,
' look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a
' puppy, one that I sav'd from drowning, when three
' or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I
' have taught him, even as one would say precisely,
' Thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as
' a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I
' came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps
' me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O,
' 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in
' all companies! I would have, as one should say, one
' that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it
' were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit
' than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think
' verily, he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he
' had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me
' himself into the company of three or four gentleman-
' like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been
' there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the
' chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one;
' What cur is that? says another; Whip him out; says
' the third; Hang him up, says the Duke. I, having
' been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was
' Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs;
' Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay,
' marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong,
' quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes

' no

' no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber.
 ' How many masters would do this for their servant?
 ' nay, I'll be sworn, I have fat in the stocks for the
 ' puddings he hath stol'n, otherwise he had been exe-
 ' cuted; I have stood on the pillory for the geese he
 ' hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou
 ' think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick
 ' you serv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam
 ' Julia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I
 ' do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and
 ' make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale?
 ' didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

SCENE VII. *Enter Proteus and Julia.*

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well;
 And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt——How now, you whorefon
 peasant,

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd Mistress Silvia the dog
 you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
 tells you, curish thanks is good enough for such a
 present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought
 him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir, the other squirrel was stol'n from
 me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and
 then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as
 ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
 Or ne'er return again into my sight:

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[*Exit Launce.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business:

(For

(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;) But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour; Which, if my augury deceive me not, Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee. Go presently, and take this ring with thee; Deliver it to Madam Silvia.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token: She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'st thou cry, Alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well As you do love your Lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You doat on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it, makes me cry, Alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal

This letter; that's her chamber: tell my Lady,

I claim the promise for her heav'nly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit Protheus.]

SCENE VIII.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas! poor Protheus, thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs;

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good-will.

And now I am, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love,
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
 As, Heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Ful. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Ful. From my master, Sir Protheus, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Ful. Ay, Madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Ful. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter.
 Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
 This is the letter to your Ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Ful. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your master's lines;
 I know they're stuff'd with protestations,
 And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
 As easily as I do tear his paper.

Ful. Madam, he sends your Ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
 For I have heard him say a thousand times,
 His Julia gave it him at his departure:
 Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Ful. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Ful. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
 Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Ful.

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes; I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Protheus hath forlook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pitch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!

I weep myself to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell.

[*Exit Silvia.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold;

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas! how love can trifle with itself!
 Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
 What should it be that he respects in her,
 But I can make respect in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come; and take this shadow up;
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statued in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Near the Friar's cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

Eglamour. **T**HE sun begins to gild the western sky,
 And now it is about the very hour
 Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time;
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen! Amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
 I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to an apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But, well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Protheus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest,

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this ev'n, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads tow'ards Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[*Exit Duke.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune where it follows her.

I'll after, more to be reveng'd of Eglamour,

Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love,

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to the forest.*

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come, be patient: we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one, Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us; But Moyse and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to th' west-end of the wood,

There

There is our captain: follow him that's fled.

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1. Out. Come, I must bring you to your captain's cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Outlaws cave in the forest.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was.

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

What hallo'ing, and what stir, is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chace.

They love me well, yet I have much to do

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you.

(Tho' you respect not aught your servant doth,)

To hazard life, and rescue you from him,

That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look.

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

[*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;

But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

[*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd Protheus.

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd,
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love.

Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force you.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine! —

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who

Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,
I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. Oh time, most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.

Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,

Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

And that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee*.

Jul. Oh me unhappy!

[Swoons.

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter? look
up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a
ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was
never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see.

This is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have mistook;

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring; at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me.

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, Julia?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And

* This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great
proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shake-
speare: for it is impossible he could make Valentine act and speak so
much out of character; or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour as
to take no notice of this strange declaration if it had been made.

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
 How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
 Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush!
 Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
 Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
 In a disguise of love.——

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
 Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'Tis true; oh heav'n!
 were man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
 Fills him with faults, makes him run through all sins:
 Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
 More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest'd to make this happy close;
 'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

SCENE V.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my Lord the Duke.
 Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
 The banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine?

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine:

Val. Thurio, give back; or else embrace thy death.
 Come not within the measure of my wrath.
 Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,——
 Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
 Take but possession of her with a touch;
 I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.——

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
 I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
 His body for a girl that loves him not.
 I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
 To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And

And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of mine ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe. Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy Lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my Lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my Lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come, Protheus, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, one day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, our mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

The

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR *.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. Fenton, a young gentleman of small fortune, in love with Mrs. Anne Page. Shallow, a country Justice. Slender, cousin to Shallow, a fool- ish country Squire. Mr. Page, } two gentlemen dwell- Mr. Ford, } ling at Windsor. Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch Par- son. Dr. Caius, a French Doctor. Host of the Garter, a merry talk- ing fellow.	Bradolph, } sharpers attending Pistol, } on Falstaff. Nym, } Robin, page to Falstaff. William Page, a boy, son to Mr. Page. Simple, servant to Slender. Rugby, servant to Dr. Caius. Mrs. Page, wife to Mr. Page. Mrs. Ford, wife to Mr. Ford. Mrs. Anne Page, daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton. Mrs. Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius Servants to Page, Ford, &c.
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SCENE, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Page's house in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. **S**IR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make
a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir
John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq;

Slen. In the county of Gloucester Justice of Peace,
and Coram.

Shal.

* This play was written in the author's best and ripest years,
after Henry IV. by the command of Q. Elisabeth. There is a tra-
dition, that it was composed at a fortnight's warning: but that
must be meant only of the first imperfect sketch of this comedy,
which is yet extant in an old quarto edition printed in 1619. This,
which we have here, was altered and improved by the author al-
most in every speech. *Mr. Pope.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him have don't; and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The lace is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements upon you, I am of the church, and would be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of God in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandfire upon his death's-

bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Mr. Page: is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-wishers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for Master Page. What, hoa? Got blefs your house here.

SCENE II. *Enter Mr. Page.*

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here's young Master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your Worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotfale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth, in some sort, confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, Master Page? he hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, Robert Shallow, Esquire, faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the council.

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir; I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching rascals Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Q 2

Nym.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: slice, that's my humour.

Slan. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page; *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself; *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my notebook, and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol. ———

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraise is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slan. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! ——— Sir John, and master mine.

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:

Word of denial in thy Labra's here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou li'st.

Slan. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the base humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slan. By this hat then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions past the car-cires.

Slan.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udd me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. *[Exit Anne Page.]*

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is Mistrefs Anne Page.

Enter Mistrefs Ford and Mistrefs Page.

Page. How now, Mistrefs Ford?

Fal. Mistrefs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good Mistrefs. *[Kissing her.]*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome; come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt Fal. Page, &c.]

SCENE IV. *Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple? where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Sim. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Justice of Peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it, the very point of it, to Mrs. Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak profitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must; will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz; can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity, will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer, save, the fault is in th' ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Enter Mistress Anne Page.*

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne: 'would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your Worship's company

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A Justice of Peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship; they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' th' town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen Sackerfon loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd

shriek'd at it, that it past *: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come; come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be mannerly, than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Re-enter Evans and Simple.*

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius's house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

* *It past*, and *This passes* was a way of speaking customary heretofore, to signify the excess or extraordinary degree of any thing. The sentence completed would be, *It past*, or, *This passes all expression*, or perhaps (according to a vulgar phrase still in use) *It past*, or, *This passes all things, is beyond all things*. The participle of the same verb is still in common use, and in the same sense: *passing well, passing strange, &c.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Garter-inn.*

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the garter,——

Host. What says my bully rock? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules, cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, Cæsar, Keifar, and Pheazer. I will entertain Bardolph, he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base Hungarian wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful fanger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: steal? foh; a fico, for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conycatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: indeed I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her out of honesty into English,

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious oeilads; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine. [*Aside.*]

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page, and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, firrah, bear you these letters tightly,

Sail

Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores. [*To Robin.*
 Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
 Trudge, plod away o' th' hoof, seek shelter, pack!
 Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
 French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
 [*Exeunt Falstaff and Boy.*]

SCENE VIII.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gord and Ful-
 lam holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
 Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
 Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours
 of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I.

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense Ford
 to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness;
 for the revolt of mien is dang'rous: that is my true hu-
 mour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents, I second
 thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Changes to Dr. Caius's house.*

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. What, John Rugby! I pray thee go to the
 calement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doc-
 tor Caius, coming; if he do, i' faith, and find any body
 in the house, here will be old abusing of God's patience,
 and the King's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night;

in

in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is something peevish that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head. He hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans, I'll do what I can for your master. Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man: go into this closet; [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What John Rugby! John! what, John, I say; go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: and down, down, a down-a, &c. [*Sings.*

SCENE X. *Enter Doctor Caius.*

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young

young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[*Afide.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vais à la cour—la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; dépêchez, quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby!*

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir,

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heal to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot I tarry too long: od's me! *Qu'ay je oublé?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O Diable, Diable! vat is in my closet? vil-laine, Larron! Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verfore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forfooth, to desire her to—

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman your maid, to speak a good word to Mistrefs Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh fend a-you? Rugby, *baillez* me some paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet. If he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and

so melancholy: but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor my master, (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat, and make the beds, and do all myself.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you, in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but, notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar it is a shallenge I vill cut his troat in de parke, and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make——You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar I vill cut all his two stones; by gar he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

[*Exit Simple.*]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter a ver dat: do you not tell-a-me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? by gar I vill kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon; by gar I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me.——By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have An fool's-head of your own: No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Enter Mr. Fenton.*

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that, by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you. Have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I, detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! but indeed she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day; hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou see'st her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will; and I will tell your Worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of the other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Farewell to your Worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but Anne loves him not. I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mrs. Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. **W**HAT, have I scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see.

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, Pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, Love me.

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or knight,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd, i' th' devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company; what should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me; why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of mum*: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

SCENE II. *Enter Mrs. Ford.*

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you: you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary. O mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman!

Mrs.

* A fattening liquor much in use among the Flemings, as she had called him a *Flemish drunkard* a few lines before; and it is to be observed, that, about the time when this play was written, there were on foot several bills in parliament for restraining the use of strong liquors suppressing the multitude of maltsters, and the great brewing of strong beer, and regulating inns, taverns, and alehouses.

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! these Knights will lack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tun of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he has a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space, for different names; nay more; and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us!

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on, with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy Knight. Come hither. *[They retire.]*

SCENE III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves thy gally-mawfry, Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir Acteon, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewell. Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night. Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright. Away, Sir Corporal Nym.

Believe it, Page, he speaks sense.

[Exit Pistol.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying;

lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her? but I have a sword, and it shall bite—upon my necessity, he loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu. [Exit Nym.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do not find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, tho' the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forwards.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy, Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page!

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this poultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

SCENE VI. *Enter Host and Shallow.*

Host. How now, bully Rock? thou'rt a gentleman; cavaliero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good Master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully Rock.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully Rock?

Shal.

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the Parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*: only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry knight. Will you go on, heris?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, sto-cado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you, four tall fellows, skip like rats.

Host. Here boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. *[Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.]*

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page's* house; and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open—I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason; think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a short knife and a thong, to your manour of Pickt-hatch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! You stand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of mine honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, I am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you rogue will esconse your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phrases, and your bold-bearing oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Mistress Quickly.*

Quic. Give your Worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your Worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Fal.

* A noted harbour for thieves and pick-pockets.

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress Ford, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say——

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your Worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford,——what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Mistress Ford,——come, Mistress Ford——

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so rusling; I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of themall: and yet there has been Earls; nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Quic.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousy-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: but I have another messenger to your Worship. Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too; and, let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other; and she bade me tell your Worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, truly she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness;

ness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue: up with your fights;
Give fire, she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it may be fairly done, no matter.

SCENE IX. *Enter Bardolph.*

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your Worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks* are welcome to me that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encom-
pass'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to pass with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will; give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

VOL. I.

S

Fal.

* Edition of 1619. In all the succeeding editions this name of Brook (I can't tell why) is altered to Brown; whereas it is manifest, from this conceit upon the name, that it should be Brook. Mr. Pept.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar; (I will be brief with you;) and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; ingross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd

purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this;

*"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is money, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to command themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too

too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed!

Ford. I am blest'd in your acquaintance: do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him; poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to be well favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him; mechanical salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lie with his wife: come to me soon at night; Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style: thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night.

[Exit.]

SCENE X.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made; would any man

man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ranfack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* sounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbasen*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife: he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aquavitæ-bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [Exit]

SCENE XI. *Changes to Windsor park.*

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has fate his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew, your Worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier,

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne; to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francoyes? ha, bully? what says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack-Priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-Urinal; Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay fix or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. Page, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Tho' we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Mr. Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr. Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. Page. Mr. Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice; a word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host.

Hof. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hof. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, bully: but first, Mr. Guest, and Mr. Page, and eek Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hof. He is there; see, what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him die; but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cry aim, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Frogmore near Windsor.**Enter Evans and Simple.*

Eva. **I** Pray you now, good Mr. Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caus, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Simp. Marry, Sir, the Pitty-wary, the Park ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. Pless my soul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me; how mellanchollies I am! I will knog his urinalls about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: Pless my soul!

[*Sings, being afraid.*

By shallow rivers, to whose falls

Melodious birds sing madrigalls;

There will we make our beds of roses,

And a thousand vragrant posies.

By shallow— Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigalls—When as I sat in Pabillon;—and a thousand vragrant posies.—*
By shallow, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers to whose falls—*

Heav'n prosper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master, Mr. Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Shal. How now, Mr. Parson? good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. Pless you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, he, like, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen; and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page!

SCENE III. *Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.*

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: keep them asunder. Here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you let-a me speak a vord vith your ear: verfore vill you not meet-a-me?

Eva. Pray you use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours: I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends. I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs comb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable? Jack Rugby, mine *Host de Farterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him; have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine *Host of the Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, foul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine *Host of the Garter*. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? no, he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both. I have directed you to wrong places. Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-de-sot of us ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vouting-fog. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the *Host of the Garter*.

Caius.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me ver is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles; pray you follow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The street in Windsor.*

Enter Mistress Page, and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name; sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he: I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick, till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

SCENE V.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them.

them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and Falstaff's boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Ateon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Mr. Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, Mr. Slender; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nurfh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Mr. Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells April and May; he will carry't; he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince and Poinz: he is of too high a region; he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. Mr. Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Mr. Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well, we shall have the freer wooing at Mr. Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby, I come anon.

Hof. Farewell, my hearts; I will to my honest Knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Changes to Ford's house.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket——

Mrs. Ford. I warrant——What, Robin, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiffers in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

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Enter

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy master, I am alone; Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpkin—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Falstaff.*

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die: for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mrs. Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, Mistress Ford; now shall I slip in my wish. I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your Lady, Sir John? Alas! I should be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-vailant, or any 'tire of Venetian admittance*.

Mrs.

* The *ship-tire* was an open head-dress, with a kind of scarf depending

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury in simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee: and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir: I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind: I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford, here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

[Falstaff hides himself.]

SCENE IX. *Enter Mistress Page.*

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done?

T 2
you're
pending from behind; the *tee-vailant*, a close one, in which the head and breast were covered as with a *vail*.—*Venetian admittance*; i. e. any head-dress worth adorning with Venetian point, or which will admit to be adorned.

you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford; having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder—[*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you *bad rather*, and you *bad rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whitening time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? are these your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never——

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John, go take up these cloaths here, quickly, Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

SCENE X. *Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Ford. Pray you come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landress, forfooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France——

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here! I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace.—You use me well, Mr. Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heav'n forgive my sins!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. Ford, are you not ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor castle.

Ford.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a bad conscience; your wife is as honest a o'mans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page; I pray you pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make a do turd.

Eva. In your teeth, for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XII. *Changes to Page's house.*

Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;

Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fen. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object I am too great of birth;

And that my state being gall'd with my expence,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

My riots past, my wild societies:

And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent.

Fent. No, Heav'n so speed me in my time to come!
 Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
 Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
 Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
 Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
 And 'tis the very riches of thyself
 That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. Fenton,
 Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, Sir;
 If opportunity and humblest suit
 Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

[*Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.*]

SCENE XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice; O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults
 Look handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quic. And how does good Master Fenton? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O, boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for fit; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz; I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed, I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. Slender, what would you wish me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

SCENE XIV. *Enter Page, and Mistress Page.*

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now? what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quic. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire. Let me have your good-will.

Anne.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my Master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth.

Quic. And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself; good Master Fenton.

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you;

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then, farewell, Sir; she must needs go in.

Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page, and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle Mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you

cast away your child, on a fool, and a physician? Look

on Master Fenton; this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring; there's for thy pains. [*Exit.*]

Quic. Now Heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind

heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and

water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my ma-

ster had Mistress Anne, or I would Mr. Slender had her;

or, in sooth, I would Mr. Fenton had her. I will do

what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd;

and I'll be as good as my word, but specially for Mr.

Fenton. Well, I must off another errand to Sir John

Falstaff from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to

slack it? [*Exit.*]

SCENE XV. *Changes to the Garter-ann.*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.

[*Exit Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket,

like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into

the Thames! Well, if I be serv'd such another trick,

I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give

them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slight-

ed me into the river with as little remorse as they would

have

have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. Quickly, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

SCENE XVI. *Enter Mrs. Quickly.*

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your Worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices; go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itself: I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford? I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir.

[Exit.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

SCENE XVII. *Enter Ford.*

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes in in the instant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his disemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach, and by her invention, and Ford's wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal.

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane. They took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the sequel, Mr. Brook. I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own grease. Think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding. I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting. 'Twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her. Adieu; you shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[Exit.

Ford. Hum? ha! is this a vision? is this a dream?

do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim my self what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me: 'tis impossible he should: he cannot creep into a halfpenny-purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places: tho' what I am I cannot avoid: yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's house.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. **I**S he at Mr. Ford's already, thinkst thou?

Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing-day, I see. How now, Sir Hugh, no school to-day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head, answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic.

Quic. Truly I thought there had been one number more, because they say, *od's* nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quic. Poulcats: there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*. I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hac, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hung, hang, hog*.

Quic. *Hang hog* is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *fo-cative case*, William?

Will. O, *vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William, *focative is caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, barum, borum*.

Quic. 'Vengeance of Giney's *case*; fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*: fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desire.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, qua, quod*. If you forget your *quies*, your *quas*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. Get you home boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to Ford's house.*

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns

lunes again. He so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out! peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why? does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

SCENE III. *Enter Falstaff.*

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' basket: may I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! alas! three of Master Ford's, brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to

them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out, in your own semblance, you die, Sir John, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him: she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John; Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. *[Exit Falstaff.]*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough:

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter servants with the basket.

1 Serv. Come, come, take up.

2 Serv. Pray heav'n, it be not full of the Knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

SCENE IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain; somebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What, wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes*, Master Ford:—you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, Mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face, hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes* —

Mrs.

* See the note, p. 188.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why——

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may he not be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searcheth a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, Mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? We are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure; and such dabbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not aham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed. I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trial, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husband's how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd;

sham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publiely sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it; I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Garter-inn.*

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the German desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; they must compt off; I'll sawce them, come.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Changes to Ford's house.*

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.
Page.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too:

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes;

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed Eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device,
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page, (my daughter,) and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white;
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once

With

With some diffused song * : upon their sight,
 We two, in great amazedness, will fly;
 Then let them all encircle him about,
 And fairy-like too, pinch the unclean Knight;
 And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
 In shape profane?

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
 Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
 And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
 We'll all present ourselves; dishorn the spirit,
 And mock him home to Windsor,

Ford. The children must
 Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
 I will be like a jack-anapes also, to burn the Knight
 with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vi-
 zards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the Queen of all the
 fairies;

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy, and in that time
 Shall Mr. Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
 And marry her at Eaton. Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook;
 he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us properties
 and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and
 ferry honest knaveries. [*Ex. Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, Mrs. Ford,
 Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*

I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good-will,
 And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
 That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
 And he my husband best of all affects:

The

* A diffused song signifies a song that strikes out into wild senti-
 ments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is
 fairy-land.

The Doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her;
Though twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the Garter-inn,*

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Mr. Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Host, thine Ephesian * calls.

Falstaff above.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman; let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my Master Slender sent to her,
VOL. I. X seeing

* He means to say, thine Ephesian.

seeing her go through the street, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguil'd Master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hof. Ay come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou di'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Hof. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir John: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Hof; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

SCENE IX. *Enter Bardolph.*

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! mere cozenage!

Hof. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain; do not say they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Host's of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine Host de Jartere?

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke de Jamany; but my trot, der is no Duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good-will; adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at Primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

SCENE X. *Enter Mrs. Quickly.*

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd

fer'd more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? sure, one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Enter Fenton and Host.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not so to me, my mind is heavy. I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth as herself might be her chuser,) Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; 'The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the shew of both. Fat Sir John Falstaff Hath a great scene; the image of the jest I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Host; To night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one:

Must

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
 The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
 While other jests are something rank on foot,
 Her father hath commanded her to slip
 Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton
 Immediately to marry; she hath consented.—Now, Sir,
 Her mother, ever strong against that match,
 And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
 (While other sports are tasking of their minds,)
 And at the Deanry, where a priest attends,
 Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
 She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
 Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests;
 Her father means she shall be all in white,
 And in that dress when Slender sees his time
 To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
 The better to devote her to the Doctor,
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
 That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive; father or mother?

Fen. Both, my good Host, to go along with me;
 And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Beside, I'll make a present recompence. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.

Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prating; go, I'll hold.
 X 3 This

This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers; away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook; that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; strange things in hand, Master Brook! follow.——

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. **C**OME, come; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender.

Slen. Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *Mum*; she cries, *Budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *Mum*, or her *Budget*? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav'n prosper our sport! No one means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of Fairies, and the Welsh devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak to the oak. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, Faires; come, and remember your parts:

parts; be bold; I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast,—O Jove, a beastly fault; and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl:—think on't, Jove, a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? for me, I am here a Windsor stag, and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husband's. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away. [*The women run out.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr; Quickly, and others, dress'd like Fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
 You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
 You Ouphen heirs of fixed destiny,
 Attend your office, and your quality.
 Crier hobgoblin, make the Fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys,
 Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
 Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
 There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
 Our radiant Queen hates flutes and slutery.

Fal. They're Fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.
 I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's Pede? go you, and where you find a
 maid,

That ere she sleep hath thrice her prayers said,
 Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
 Sleep she as sound as careless infancy
 But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,
 Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
 Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out.
 Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
 In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
 Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
 The several chairs of order look you seour.
 With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r:
 Each fair instalment-coat and sev'ral crest,
 With loyal blazon evermore be blest!

And

And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the garter-compass, in a ring :
 Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write,
 In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purfled, blue and white,
 Like saphire, pearl, in rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee ;
 Fairies use flow'rs for their chaactery.
 Away, disperse ; but, till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the oak
 Of Herne, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in order set :

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that Welch Fairy, lest
 he transform me to a piece of cheese !

Eva. Vild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end ;
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come. —

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
 Come, with this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh !

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire ;
 About him, Fairies, sing a scornful rhyme ;
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

*Fie on sinful phantasy,
 Fie on lust and luxury !
 Lust is but i' th' blood, a fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
 As thoughts to blow them, higher and higher.*

Pinch

Pinch him, Fairies, mutually;

Pinch him for his villany.

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine, be out.*

During this song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender, another way, and he takes away a boy in white; and Fenton comes and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

SCENE V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we've watch'd you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husbands? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? Mr. Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook; and, Master Brook, he hath enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr. Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief,
in

in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were Fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment?

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seefe and putter? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of English? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sacks, and wines, and metheglins; and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr. Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander; over and above that
you

you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be chearful, Knight; thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. Slender hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is; by this, Doctor Caius's wife. [*Aside.*]

SCENE VI. *Enter Slender.*

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father Page.

Page. Son, how now? how now, son, have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in Gloucestershire known on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd *Mum*, and she cry'd *Budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jesu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and in-

deed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

SCENE VII. *Enter Caius.*

Caius. Ver is Mistress Page? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one peasant, by gar; a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. Fenton.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. Fenton;

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, Mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love:

The truth is, she and I long since contracted,

Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.

'Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed;

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.

In love; the heav'ns themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heav'n give thee joy.

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will also dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Mr. Fenton,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country-fire,
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Y²

MEASURE

MEASURE FOR MEASURE *

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
Angelo, *Lord-deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Escalus an ancient Lord. joined with Angelo in the deputation.

Claudio, a young gentleman.

Lucio, a fantastic.

Two Gentlemen.

Varrius, a gentleman, servant to the Duke.

Provost.

Thomas, } two Friars.
Peter, }

A Justice.

Elbow, a simple constable.

Froth, a foolish gentleman.

Clown, servant to Mrs. Overdone.

Abhorson, an executioner.

Barnabine, a dissolute prisoner.

Isabella, sister to Claudio.

Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.

Juliet, beloved of Claudio.

Francisca, a nun,

Mistress Overdone, a bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke. **E**SCALUS,——

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of government the properties t' unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse.
Since I am not to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms

Of

* The story is taken from Cinthio's novels, December 8. November 5. Mr. Pope.

Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember. There is our commission,
 From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
 I say, bid come before us Angelo:

What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special roll
 Elected him our absence to supply;
 Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
 And giv'n his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power: say, what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is Lord Angelo.

SCENE. II. *Enter Angelo.*

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to th' observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues; they on thee.
 Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise;
 Hold therefore, Angelo;
 In our remove, be thou at full ourself.
 Mortality and Mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart; old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary.
 Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evasion:

We have with a prepar'd and level'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well,
'To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
'Though it do well, I do not relish well
'Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
'That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The Heav'ns give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Street.**Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal.——

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the Captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal; there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, does relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well; there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may be between the list and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece. I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and indeed with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast: whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars * a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay and more.

Lucio. A French crown more †.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feast of thee.

SCENE XI. *Enter Barwd.*

1 *Gent.* How now? which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Barwd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Barwd. Marry, Sir, that's Claudio; Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Barwd. Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Barwd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.*

* A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*.

† Alluding to the venereal scab upon the head, called *corona veneris*.

I Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exit.*]

Manet Barwd.

Barwd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

SCENE V. *Enter Clown.*

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Barwd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Barwd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Barwd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Barwd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Barwd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Barwd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, Mistress.

Barwd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.]

Barwd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Barwd and Clown.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and officers. Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.
The words of Heav'n; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast;
So ev'ry scope, by the immod'rate use,
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom,
as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence,
Claud.

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lethery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word
with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is
lethery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed,
(You know the lady,) she is fast my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,

Only

Only for propagation of a dower
 Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
 Till time had made them for us. But it chanceth,
 The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
 With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke,
 (Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness;
 Or whether that the body-public be
 A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
 Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
 He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in:) but this new governor
 Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
 So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
 And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly in me; 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle
 on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love,
 may figh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to
 him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
 I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,
 And there receive her approbation.
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
 I have great hope in that; for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,
 Such as moves men! beside, she hath prosp'rous art.
 When she will play with reason and discourse,
 And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encourage-
 ment of the like, which else would stand under grievous
 imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would
 be

'be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,

Claud. Come, officer; away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A Monastery.*

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom; why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo

{ A man of stricture and firm abstinence }
My absolute pow'r and place here in Vienna;
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds,) which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to flick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace

T'unloose

T' unloose this ti'd-up justice when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office:
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander: and, to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people; therefore, pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear,
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
"Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
"That his blood flows, or that his appetite
"Is more to bread than stone:" hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *A nunnery.*

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [*within.*] Hoa! peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that, which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the Prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.

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He calls again; I pray you answer him. [*Exit. Franc.*]

Ifab. Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be,) as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less; can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Ifab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Ifab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Ifab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not, [tho' 'tis my familiar
sin]

With maids to seem the lapwing*, and to jest,
(Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so,
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd and fainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a faint.

Ifab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus.
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full; as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison: so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Ifab. Some one with child by him?—my cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Ifab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio.

* The lapwing flies so low, and so near the passenger, that he
thinks he has it, and then is suddenly gone again. Hence it is used
as a proverbial expression to signify a lover's falsehood.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study, and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope's gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as censur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant
For's execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and attendants.

Ang. **W**E must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father:
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it: but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.

You

You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
 When I that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. —

[*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
 Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

SCENE II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How, now, Sir, what's your name; and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here, before your good Honour, two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to; what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your Honour,——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honest woman;——

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please you Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown. "Sir, she came in great with child; and
"longing (savouring your Honour's reverence) for stew'd
"prewns; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at
"that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-
"dish, a dish of some threepence: (your Honours have
seen such dishes: they are not China dishes, but very good
dishes.")

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown. "No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin: you are
"therein in the right. But to the point: As I say,
"this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and
"being great-belly'd, and longing, as I said, for
"prewns: and having but two in the dish, as I said:
"Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the
"rest,

"rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you threepence again."

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. "Very well; you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prewns."

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. "Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you."

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. "Why, very well then."

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. "Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet."

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. "Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave; and, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a-year, whose father di'd at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?"

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. "Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit; have you not?"

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. "Why, very well then; I hope here be truths."

Ang. This will last out a-night in Russia, When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

SCENE III.

Escal. I think no less. Good-morrow to your Lordship.

[Exit Angelo.]

Now, Sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown.

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good Master Froth, look upon his Honour: 'tis for a good purpose: doth your Honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book; his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the Constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right; Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? *Justice*, or *Iniquity*? — Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb.

* He means to say *Animal*.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worship for't: what is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it? thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your Mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, Master Froth.

Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, Master Froth; farewell.

[*Exit Froth.*

SCENE IV.

Come you hither to me, Master Tapster; what's your name, Master Tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey;

pey; howsoever you colour in it being a tapster; are you not? Come tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after threepence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable: how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readines in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's o'clock, think you?

[*Exit Elbow.*]

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray, you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, poor Claudio! there's no remedy.

Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight; I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know

His pleasure; 't may be he'll relent; alas!

He hath but as offended in a dream:

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he

To die for it! —

Enter

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

SCENE VII. *Enter Lucio and Isabella.*

Prov. 'Save your honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while.—Y'are welcome; what's
your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab.

Ifab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Ifab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then;—Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. Give not o'er so: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Ifab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Ifab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him;
And neither Heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Ifab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Ifab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Ifab. Too late? why, no; I that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well believe this,

“No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

“Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,

“The Marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

“Become them with one half so good a grace,

“As mercy does.” If he had been as you,

And you as he, you would have slipt like him;

But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Ifab. I wou'd to Heav'n I had your potency,
And you were Isabel; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

"Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once;
"And he that might the vantage best have took,
"Found out the remedy. How would you be,
"If he, which is the top of judgment, should
"But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
"And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
"Like man new made."

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should he thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow, Oh! that's sudden. Spare him,
Spare him.

He's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve Heav'n
With less respect, than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
Or new, or by-remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. "I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
"For then I pity those I do not know;
"Which a dimiss'd offence would after gall;"
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence;
And

And he, that suffers; oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
' Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heav'n!
' Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
' Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
' Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
' Dress'd in a little brief authority,
' Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
' His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
' Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n,
' As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
' Would all themselves laugh mortal.'

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray Heav'n she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the foldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.

Ifab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my Lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Ifab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heav'n shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Ifab. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Ifab. Heav'n keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Ifab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Ifab. 'Save your Honour!

[*Exeunt Lucio and Isabella.*]

SCENE VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?

"The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?

"Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,

"That, lying by the violet in the sun,

"Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,

"Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

"That modesty may more betray our sense,

"Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,

"Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

"And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!"

What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things

That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,

When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,

That

That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
 Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a faint,
 With faints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
 "Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 "To sin in loving virtue; ne'er could the strumpet,"
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite. Ever till this very now,
 When men were fond I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[Exit.

SCENE IX. *Changes to a prison.**Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost; what's your will, good Friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison; do me the common right
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
 Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
 Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
 And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
 More fit to do another such offence,
 Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.

I have provided for you; stay a while, [To Juliet.
 And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your con-
 And try your penitence, if it be sound, [science,
 Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

A a 3

Duke.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame?
Which sorrow's always tow'rd's ourselves, not Heav'n;
Shewing, we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;
So, grace go with you! *benedicite.* [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
I still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Excunt.

SCENE X. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects. Heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name?
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state, whereon I studied,
Is, like a good thing being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? blood, thou art but blood,
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;

'Tis

'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter servant.

How now, who's there?—

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both that unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness!

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subjects to a well-wish'd King
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

SCENE XI. *Enter Isabella.*

Ifab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Ifab. Ev'n so!—Heaven keep your Honour!

[*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Ifab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Ifab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heav'n's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Ifab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now

Now took your brother's life: or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Ifab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than account.

Ifab. How say you!

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this.
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life.
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Ifab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Ifab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n, let me bear it; you, granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be receiv'd plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Ifab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Ifab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you his sister,

Finding

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother di'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then—cruel as the sentence,
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. As ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses; lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my Lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die.
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness!

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang.

Ang. I think it well;
 And from this testimony of your own sex,
 (Since I suppose we're made to be no stronger,
 Than faults may shake our frames;) let me be bold;
 I do arrest your words: be that you are,
 That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
 If you be one, as you are well-express'd
 By all external warrants shew it now,
 By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue, but one; gentle, my Lord,
 Let me intreat you, speak the formal * language.

Ang. Plainly conceive. I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
 And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
 Which seems a little fouler than it is,
 To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
 My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
 And most pernicious purpose! seeming, seeming! —
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
 Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
 Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
 Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
 My unfoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
 My vouch against you; and my place i' th' state,
 Will so your accusation overweigh,
 That you shall stifle in your own report,
 And smell of calumny. I have begun;
 And now I give my sensual race the rein:
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
 Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
 That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will:
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow;
 Or by th' affection that now guides me most,

* Plain, direct.

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit.*]

Ifab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue.
Either of condemnation or approof*;
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite;
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
'Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request;
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. **S**O, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope; I've hop'd to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; or death, or life.
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
'If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
'That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
'Serve to all the skiey influences,
'That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
'Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool†;

'For

* *Approof* here is to be taken in the sense of *approbation*.

† In the simplicity of the ancient shews upon our stage, it was common to bring in two figures, one representing a *fool*, the other *death*

' For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 ' And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
 ' For, all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
 ' Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means valiant;
 ' For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 ' Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 ' And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 ' Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
 ' For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
 ' That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 ' For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
 ' And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
 ' For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 ' After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 ' For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 ' Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 ' And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;
 ' For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire,
 ' The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 ' Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo* and the *Rheum*,
 ' For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
 ' But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 ' Dreaming on both; for pall'd, thy blazed youth
 ' Becomes assuaged, and doth beg the alms
 ' Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 ' Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor bounty,
 ' To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 ' That bears the name of life? yet in this life
 ' Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 ' That makes these odds all even.'

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: let it come.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!
Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke.

death or fate. The turn and contrivance of the piece was to make the fool lay many stratagems to avoid death, which yet brought him more immediately into the jaws of it.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your

Duke. Provost, a word with you. [sister.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.

SCENE II.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his swift ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one, as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. "Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio: and I quake,
" Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
" And six or seven winters more respect
" Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
" The sense of death is most in apprehension;
" And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
" In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
" As when a giant dies."

VOL. I.

B b

Claud.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. "There spake my brother; there my father's
grave

"Did utter forth a voice." Yes, thou must die;
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The priestly Angelo?

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards. Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give thee for this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou di'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dearest Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab.

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. ' Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 ' To lie in cold obstruccion, and to rot;
 ' This sensible warm motion to become
 ' A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 ' To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 ' In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 ' To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 ' And blown with restless violence round about
 ' The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 ' Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 ' Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
 ' The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 ' That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
 ' Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 ' To what we fear of death."

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live;
 What sin you do to save a brother's life,
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
 That it becomes a virtue.

Ifab. Oh, you beast!

Oh, faithless coward! oh, dishonest wretch!
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
 Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
 From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
 Heav'n grant, my mother play'd my father fair!
 For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
 Die, perish! might my only bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
 No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Ifab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
 'Tis best that thou di'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Isabella.

B b 2 SCENE

SCENE III.

To them, Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you; the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not falsify your resolution with hopes that are fallible; tomorrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud.*]

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness: but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my

my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo? If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit: redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold; and goodness never fearful: have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman. There she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in tears, and dri'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor
mail

maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness (that in all reason should have quench'd her love) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow and silence in it: and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place: if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: haste you speedily to Angelo: if, for this night, he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's: there at the moated Grange resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Changes to the street.*

Re-enter Duke, as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts; we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'I was never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law. *** a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bless you, good father Friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, Sir.

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou canstest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice? say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-master; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!

SCENE V. *Enter Lucio.*

Elb. His neck will come to your wattle, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman,
and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the
wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is
there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman,
to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and
extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? what say'st
thou to this tune, matter and method? It's not down
i' th' last reign. Ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the
world as it was, man? which is the way? is it sad and
few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus: still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? pro-
cures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and
she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must
be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd;
an unshunn'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to
prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go,
say, I sent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how—

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be
the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he,
doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewell,
good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey;
you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will
keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my
bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the
wear; I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage:

if

if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more.
Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, Friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways; Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad,
Friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and officers.*]

SCENE VI.

What news, Friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of Russia;
other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think
you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish
him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal
from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born
to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts
transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would no harm
in him; something too crabbed that way, Friar.

Duke. It is too gentle a vice, and severity must cure
it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kin-
dred; it is well alli'd; but it is impossible to extirp it
quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They
say this Angelo was not made by man and woman
after the downright way of creation; is it true, think
you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea maid spawn'd him; some,
that he was got between two stock-fishes. But it is cer-
tain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd
ice; that I know to be true; and he is a motion ungene-
rative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pry'thee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No; pardon: 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wife? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking. The very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer.

swer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good Friar; I pry'thee pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee Friar again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet; and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlic. Say, that I said so; farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

SCENE VII.

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my Lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still for-
feit

feit in the same kind? this would make mercy swerve, and play the tyrant

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time: he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself: and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. This fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd: Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this Friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the sea In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you? Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice.

joice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which, I by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well.
[Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

Duke. Peace be with you!

He who the sword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as severe:

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice, and let his grow!

Oh, what may man within him hide,

Tho' angel on the outward side!

How may that likeness, made in crimes,

Making practice on the times,

Draw with idle spiders' strings

Most pond'rous and substantial things!

Craft against vice I must apply.
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A grange.**Enter Mariana, and boy singing.*

SONG.

'TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
 I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musical:
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' music oft hath such a charm
 To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
 I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here
 to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to
 meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after. I have sat
 here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you; the time is come,
 even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may
 be I will call upon you anon for some advantage to your-
 self.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[Exit.
SCENE

SCENE II.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome :

What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No; none, but only a repair i' th' dark:
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth?

SCENE III. *Enter Mariana.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good Friar, I know you do; and I have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

C c 2

Mari.

Mari. Wilt please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Isab.*]

Duke. 'O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
'Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
'Run with these false and most contrarious quests
'Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
'Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
'And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how agreed?'

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Mariana, and Isabel.*

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:

He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap; for yet our tilth's to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to the prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, firrah: can you cut off a man's head!

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can; but if he be a marri'd man, he is his wife's head; and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine; here is in our prison a common executioner, who, in his office, lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unapitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, Abhorson! where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery*.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery? and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd I cannot imagine.

† *Abhor.* * * * * *

Clown. * * * * *

Sir, it is a mystery.

Abhor. Proof. —

C c 3

Clown.

* The word *mystery* when used to signify a trade or manual profession, should be spelt with an *i*. not a *y*; as being derived, not from the Greek *μυστήριον*, but from the French *mesfier*. *Mr. Warburton.*

† The text here is plainly maimed and deficient; the words by which Abhorson should prove the hangman's trade a mystery are lost. But from what follows, the argument may be conjectured to have been this, That every man's apparel fitted the hangman: to which we may suppose the Clown replied, that for the same reason the same thing might be said of the thief's trade — Yes, Sir, it is a mystery, &c. and this connects the rest that follows.

Clown. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [Exit.]

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, though he were my brother.

SCENE VI. *Enter Claudio.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour;
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [Exit Claud.] But, hark,
what noise? [Knock within.]
Heav'n give your spirits comfort!—by and by;—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Invelop you, good Provost! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov.

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There is some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the stroak and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r
To qualify in others. Were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now they are come.

[*Knock again, Provost goes out.*]

This is a gentle Provost; seldom, when
The steeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.

[*Provost returns.*]

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir; none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily

You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

SCENE VII. *Enter a messenger.*

Duke. This is his Lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note, and by me
this further charge, that you swerve not from the smal-
lest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circum-
stance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is almost
day.

Prov. I shall obey him.

[*Exit messenger.*]

Duke.

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and indeed his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitent in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty

liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a-day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide: let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it: shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that;

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my

my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not: and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing which Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance of the Duke's death; perchance of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Enter Clown.*

Clown. "I am as well acquainted here, as I was in
"our house of profession. One would think it were
"Mistress Overdone's own house; for here be many
"of her old customers." First, here's young Mr. Rash;
he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old gin-
ger, ninefcore and seventeen pounds; of which he made
five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not
much in request; for the old women were all dead.
Then is there here one Mr. Cáper, at the suit of Master
Three-pile the mercer; for some four suits of peach-
colour'd sattin, which now peaches him a beggar.
Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Mr. Deep-
vow, and Mr. Copper-spur, and Mr. Starve-lackey the
rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heire that
kill'd lusty Pudding, and Mr. Forthright the tilter, and
brave Mr. Shooter the great traveller, and wild Half-
canne that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all
great

great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they

they shall beat out my brains with billets, I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IX. *Enter Provost.*

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh, gravel heart! After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Provost. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There di'd this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate. A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour; what if we omit This reprobate. till he were well inclin'd? And satisfy the Deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis accident that heav'n provides: Dispatch it presently: the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done, And sent according to command; while I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently: But Barnardine must die this afternoon, And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done. Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio. Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To th' under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The Provost, he shall bear them;) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I will commune with you of such things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

SCENE X. *Enter Isabel.*

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, giv'n me by so holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heav'n.

Mark what I say; which you shall surely find
 By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.
 The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
 One of our convent, and his confessor,
 Gives me this instance: already he hath carri'd
 Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
 There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your
 wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,
 And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
 Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
 And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
 Say, by this token, I desire his company
 At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
 I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
 Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo
 Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
 I am combined by a sacred vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
 If I pervert your course. Who's here?

SCENE XI. *Enter Lucio.*

Lucio. Good even;
 Friar, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,
 to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am
 fain to dine and sup with water and bran. I dare not
 for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set
 me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow.
 By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother. If the old
 fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he
 had liv'd. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to
 your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marri'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness: pray heav'n his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd sometimes i' th' morn: I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of fort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well.

[*Exit*

D d 2

Ang.

Ang. Good night,
 This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant;
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
 And by an eminent body, that inforc'd
 The law against it! but that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her, No.
 For my authority bears a credent bulk;
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge;
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot.
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
 The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift;
 Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
 As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
 And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
 Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
 But send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*]

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good
 haste:
 Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE XIV. *Enter Isabella and Mariana.*

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath:
I'd say the truth: but to accuse him so,
That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says, to vail full * purpose

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physio.
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar Peter——

Isab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public place near the city.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
and citizens at several doors.*

Duke. **M**Y very worthy cousin, fairly met?
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your Royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made inquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

D d 3

To

* Beneficial.

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
 When it deserves with characters of brass
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
 And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
 And let the subjects see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
 You must walk by us on our other hand;
 And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out.*]

SCENE II. *Enter Peter and Isabella.*

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O Royal Duke! vail your regard
 Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid.
 Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object,
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
 And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs. In what? by whom? be brief:

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
 Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
 Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
 Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
 Or wring redress from you: oh hear me, hear me!

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
 She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
 Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. Course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
 That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
 That Angelo's a murth'rer, is't not strange?
 That Angelo is an adult'rous thief,
 An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
 Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,

That

Than this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times truer; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, Royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other;
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have sure more lack of reason.
What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication.
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo;
I, in probation, of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio,
As then the messenger,

Lucio. That's I, ah't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. *[To Lucio.]*

Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;

Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heav'n you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—proceed.

Isab. In brief; (to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length;) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscent intemp'rate lust,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what
thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemence he should pursue
Faults proper to himself. If he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say, by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To prison with her. Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:
Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling Friar;
I do not like the man; had he been lay, my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good Friar, belike;
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! let this Friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my Lord, she and that Friar,
I saw them at the prison; a faucy Friar,
A very scurvy fellow,

Peter. Blessed be your Royal Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace,

Lucio. My Lord, most villanously; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
Of a strange fever. On his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither
 To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
 Is true, and false; and what he with his oath
 By all probation will make up full clear,
 Whenever he's convented. First, for this woman;
 To justify this worthy Nobleman,
 So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
 Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
 Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good Friar, let's hear it.
 Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
 O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! —
 Give us some seats; come, cousin Angelo,
 In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
 Of your own cause. Is this the witness, Friar?

[Isabella is carried off guarded.]

SCENE III. *Enter Mariana veil'd.*

First let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not shew my face,
 Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marri'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My Lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marri'd;
 And I confess besides, I am no maid;
 I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
 That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my Lord.

She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [To Mariana.

Mari. Why, just, my Lord; and that is Angelo;
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse; let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
 As words could make up vows: and, my good Lord,
 But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
 He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
 Or else for ever be confix'd here,
 A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now.

Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of justice;
 My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
 These poor informal women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member,
 That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
 To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
 And punish them into your height of pleasure.
 Thou foolish Friar, and thou pernicious woman,
 Compact with her that's gone; think it thou, thy oaths,
 Tho' they would swear down each particular saint,
 Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
 That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
 Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
 There is another Friar, that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he, indeed
 Hath set the women on to this complaint:
 Your Provost knows the place where he abides;
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
 And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
 Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
 In any chastisement; I for a while
 Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
 Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior Lu-
 cio, did not you say, you knew that Friar Lodowick to
 be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum;* honest in no-
 thing;

think but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and inforce them against him; we shall find this Friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publicly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost; Isabella is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on Mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum——

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place; and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak. Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal;

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd Friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
T' accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare no more stretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my business in this state
Made me a looker on here in Vienna;
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop*,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of? [bald-pate;

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, goodman
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your
voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what
you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? and was the Duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him
to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere
you

* It is a custom in the shops of all mechanics, to make it a forfeiture for any stranger to use or take up the tools of their trade. In a barber's shop especially, when heretofore barbers practised the under parts of surgery, their instruments being of a nice kind, and their shops generally full of idle people, there was hung up a table, shewing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling with each instrument.

you make that my report: you spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison: where is the Provost? away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more; away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a Duke. First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.

Sneak not away, Sir; for the Friar and you [To Lucio.] Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; fit you down: [To Escalus.]

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave: [To Ang.]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread Lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame;

But let my trial be mine own confession:

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:

Say; wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly;
Do you the office, Friar; which consummate,
Return him here again: go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*]

SCENE V.

Escal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel;
Your Friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorn'd at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be so lost: Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,
That bair'd my purpose: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear; make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,

Thereon

Thereon dependent for your brother's life,
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
 An Angelo for Claudio; death for death.
 Hasten still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure:
 Like doth quit like, and *measure* still for *measure*.
 Then, Angelo, thy faults are manifested;
 Which tho' thou would'st deny, deny thee vantage*.
 We do condemn thee to the very block,
 Where Claudio stoop'd to death; and with like haste;
 Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious Lord,
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
 Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
 Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
 We do instate and widow you withal,
 To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear Lord,
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Liege——

Duke. You do but lose your labour:
 Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good Lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
 I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
 Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
 And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
 Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad: so may my husband.
 Oh, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke.

* *Vantage*, for means, opportunity.

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [Kneeling.
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For Angelo, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intent, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my Lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, Noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio:
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [Exit Prov.

Escal. I'm sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.

Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself. [*Uncovers him.*

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake [*To Isab.*
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine.
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth works yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To Luc.*
One of all luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I deserv'd so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick*; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had
rather it would please you I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio.

* *i. e.* The fashion. So to trick up, signifies to dress in the mode.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore: your Highness said even now, I made you a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her: Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits; take him to prison: And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is pressing to death; whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana: love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more grate. . .
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home—
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]